

VOL. 23.

WASHINGTON, D. C. SATURDAY MARCH 12 1904.

NO. 4

RAYNER FOR SENATE

FAMOUS BALTIMORE LAWYER TO
SUCCEED LOUISE M'COMAS.

Gained National Fame by His Magnificent Defense of Admiral Schley—Condensed Sketch of His Career.

The career of Mr. Isidor Rayner—scholar, statesman, orator and lawyer, delegate, state senator, congressman, attorney general and United States senator—has been a notably brilliant one from boyhood.

He was born in Baltimore April 11, 1850. His father was a learned gentleman, distinguished for business sagacity and success, as well as for his generous philanthropy and public spirit. His mother was a woman of excellent discretion, generally beloved for the sterling virtues of her character and for the kindness and benevolence of her life.

His early education was probably received at the hands of his father. Until he was 15 years of age he attended a private school. He was devoted to literature and declamation.

At 15 years of age Isidor Rayner entered the University of Virginia. There he promptly distinguished himself in his studies, was popular with the faculty and students. His interest in letters and oratory increased, and he became a leading figure in the Jefferson society, the membership of which embraced Senator John W. Daniel, of Virginia; John S. Wise, now of New York; the late Henry W. Grady, of Georgia, and former United States Senator Charles J. Faulkner, of West Virginia. From among men of this sort the brilliant Baltimorean was chosen, in 1868, as anniversary orator of the Jefferson society. The subject of his oration upon this occasion showed the bent of his sympathies. It was "Civil and Religious Liberty."

After pursuing his academic and legal studies at the university, he returned to Baltimore and sought admission to its bar. He continued his legal studies for a brief period in the law office of Brown & Brune, and in due course was admitted to practice.

Mr. Rayner is a thorough and finished student of his profession. He is deeply



HON. ISIDOR RAYNER.
(Recently Elected to the United States Senate from Maryland.)

learned in the common law and in the decisions of the courts of Maryland and of the United States. He is a fine special pleader, and has also a remarkable memory for cases, and from the thirtieth to the last volume of the Maryland reports there is not a case which Mr. Rayner has not read. At the trial table he shines most brilliantly. His speeches in court are clear, direct, forcible and marked by eloquence not easy to be equaled.

Mr. Rayner's method of preparing his more important legal arguments may best be illustrated by Everett's description of Mr. Webster's state of mind as he "sat an hour and a half with" him "the evening before" the reply to Hayne. "The battle had been fought and won within, upon the broad field of his own capacious mind; for it was Mr. Webster's habit first to state to himself his opponent's argument in its utmost strength, and having overthrown it in that form, he feared the efforts of no other antagonist."

It was Mr. Rayner's defense of Admiral Schley that caused a national wave of commendation. The inquiry is well remembered.

The sudden death of Judge Jere M. Wilson, senior counsel for Admiral Schley, threw upon the Baltimore advocate the entire burden of the case. He was not an admiralty lawyer, but when the crucial moment came he was saturated with his subject. Laying down his copy of the specifications, he talked with alluring facility in pleasant tones, until, becoming warmed up with earnestness, he sneered at entangled witnesses, scoffed at tricky memories, lashed as with "scorpion whips" the alleged traducers of the man whose fame rang around the world.

It was a triumph worthy of the forum. From every point of the union came congratulations to the orator. His biography was spread over the country by the newspapers. His picture was sought by women and men. His speech in pamphlet form was demanded of the public printers by admirers miles and

hundred miles away. The occasion of its delivery, where interest ordinarily would seem slight. But with becoming modesty he said: "The occasion made the speech, not the speech the occasion."

Soldier Lover in Trouble.
Otto Ruckler, a brave cuirassier in the Kaiser's army, has recently served 13 days in jail because he loved his major's cook. Otto's courting was done in the major's kitchen, where, between kisses, he fed himself generously with the rich viands intended for the major's own dinner table. The major discovered him and a court-martial followed.

THE COMING ELECTION.

How the District will be Divided.

The District of Columbia will be divided into 22 districts as follows:

First District.—All that part of the county of Washington outside the limits of the cities of Washington and Georgetown, lying east of Lincoln ave. and Bunker Hill road.

Second District.—All that part of the county of Washington outside the cities of Washington and Georgetown, lying west of Lincoln ave. and Bunker Hill road.

Third District.—All that part of the city of Georgetown lying west of High Street.

Fourth District.—All that part of the city of Georgetown lying east of High Street.

Fifth District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying west of twenty-first street west.

Sixth District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying south of K street north, between 15th street west and twenty-first street west.

Seventh District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying between K street north and N street north, and between 15th street west and twenty-first street west.

Eighth District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying north of N street north, between seventh street west and fourteenth street west.

Ninth District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying between G street north and N street north, and between 15th street west and fifth street west.

Tenth District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying between G street north and the canal, and between 15th street west and fifth street west.

Eleventh District.—All that part of the city of Washington south of canal and east of eighth street west.

Twelfth District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying between seventh street west and eleventh street west, and between G street north and the canal.

Thirteenth District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying between seventh street west and 11th street west, and between G street north and N street north.

Fourteenth District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying north of K street north, between North Capitol street and seventh street west.

Fifteenth District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying between D street north and K street north, and between North Capitol street and 7th street west.

Sixteenth District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying between North and South Capitol streets and seventh street west, and between D street north and the canal.

Seventeenth District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying between G street south and the canal, and between South Capitol street and eighth street west.

Eighteenth District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying south of G street south, between South Capitol street and eighth street west.

Nineteenth District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying north of E street north, between North Capitol street and fifteenth street east.

Twentieth District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying south of E street north, between North and South Capitol streets and fourth street east.

Twenty-first District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying east of fourth street east, and between E street north and E street south.

Twenty-second District.—All that part of the city of Washington lying south of E street south and east of fourth street south.

His Angels Have Charge.

He shall give his Angels charge over Thee in all Thy way.
Though the t'nderooms ar large,
Though the lightning round me plays,
Like a child I lay my head,
In sweet sleep upon my bed.

Though the terror comes so close,
It shall have no power to smite;
It shall deepen my repose,
Turn the darkness into light;
Touch of Angel's hands is sweet;
Not a stone shall hurt my feet.

All Thy waves and billows go,
Over me to press me down,
Into arms so strong I know,
They will never let me down;
Ah! My God, how good Thy will!
I will nestle and be still.

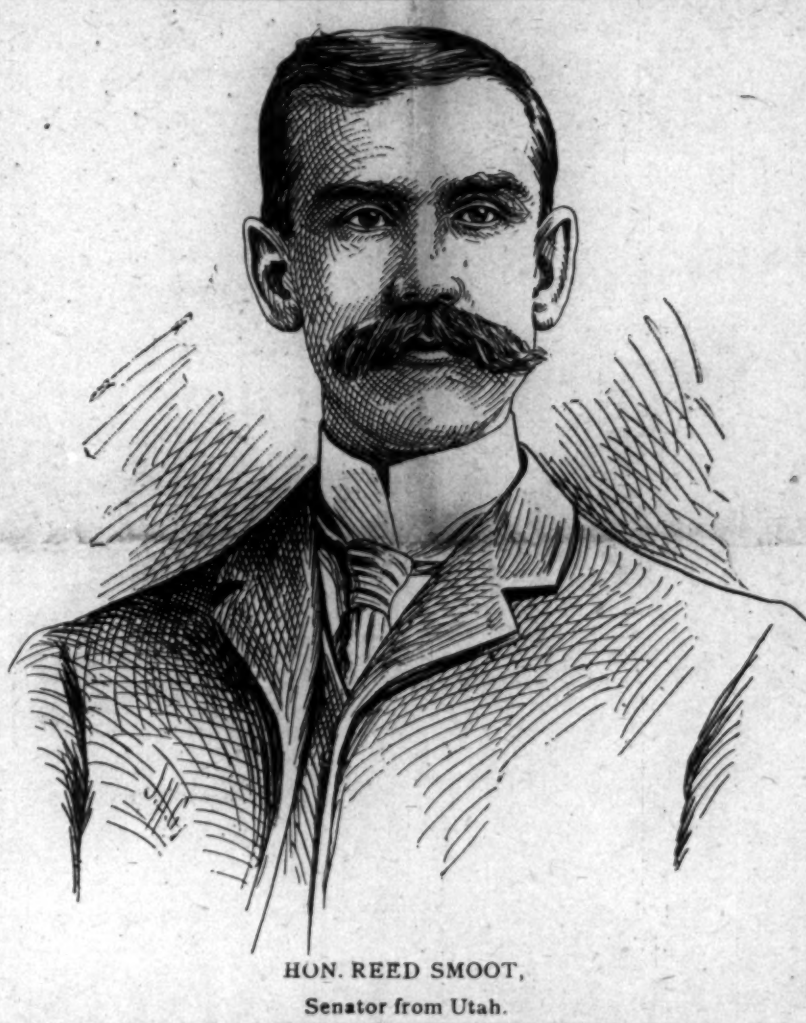
MATTIE ELLA MOTEN.

The Washington Banquet.

Not Calling the Kettle Black. Mr. Henry E. Baker Burned. A Division in the Committee. Let it be a Big Affair.

Everything is not bright and harmonious among the members of the Washington Banquet Committee. It seems that a few members of the committee are opposed to Mr. Henry E. Baker and have decided to keep him out. This opposition comes, it is said from his enemies of the Capital Savings Bank.

Dr. F. J. Shadd, also a member of the banquet committee and one of the best known men in the city and a gentleman of standing, favored Mr. Baker, but, it is said that two-thirds of the committee voted Dr. Shadd. Mr. Baker is and has been an admirer of Mr. Washington; it is also true that he was connected with the Capital Savings Bank, and he is no more guilty of wrong doing than any other director of the defunct bank, who borrowed money. It is in bad taste for any man, who was connected with that institution attempt to rule out Mr. Baker. The question is, is Mr. Baker guilty of anything? The District Attorney's Office has said that he cannot be criminally persecuted. Since that is a fact, will not his record com-



HON. REED SMOOT,
Senator from Utah.

pare as favorably as those opposed to him and succeeded in keeping him out of the banquet to Mr. Washington. The committee started out to make it a representative gathering and as the representative negroes would not join, the tactics of the Committee were changed and invitation were then sent out to the messengers, clerks and laborers in the departments. Rumor has it that Dr. Washington was telegraphed to and asked if he wanted the affair select. If so only the Committee had responded. This information was made known to Dr. Washington and he telegraphed back make it as large as possible. This accounts for so many invitations being sent out. It is not the Bee's funeral, but it is popularly condemned by the friends of Mr. Baker because he is barred. Up to the present time not a representative colored man will attend the banquet and not a representative Washingtonian outside of Dr. Shadd, Kelley Miller or probably one or two others.

ART AND ARTISTS.

A bronze bust of the late George William Curtis, by J. Q. A. Ward, has been given a place in the New York public library.

According to a report cabled the Mail and Express the French jury for the St. Louis exposition is having a troublesome time, as 2,700 works have already been sent in from which must be selected the specified 600.

Baltimore is distinctly looking up in the art world. Not only has she a flourishing art club and a municipal art society, which hold annual exhibitions of some note, but as a side issue there has recently been brought together an exhibition in one of the dealers' galleries in which, it is said, no less than 70 Baltimore artists are represented.

Some public-spirited citizens of Cleveland are urging that something be done to preserve the monument which stands in that city to the memory of Commodore Perry. It is of Carrara marble, which does not agree with the climate of northern Ohio, and unless steps shall be taken for its speedy reproduction in bronze Wolcott's creation may be lost forever. An architect examined the statue closely not long ago and found that from top to bottom it was in bad condition.

ECONOMIC LIBERTY.

What the Ballot Will Do. Protection of Wealth. How can it be Brought About. The Road to Liberty.

Editor of the Bee:

In your labors in behalf of the colored race have you ever thought what Economic Liberty would do for it? In 1893 the race was given personal liberty and subsequently some of them got their political liberty, but neither they nor the whites have economic liberty. By economic liberty I mean the privilege of going to Nature's storehouse, not your neighbors, and helping yourself with that having the privilege of, or paying tribute to any one. The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, yet how many of his children are compelled to go hungry to-day just because some greedy toll gatherer stands in the road of commerce and demands his tribute? This tribute is paid in the form of interest, rent and profit, or dividends, in some form or other and is the load that is laid upon the back of labor for the privilege of earning a living.

Official figures prove that any one who works with the machinery that labor has already created can produce as much wealth in one hour as he can buy in the retail market for one dollar.

House has attracted much attention. It is most satisfactory that the President and Mr. Washington continue their cordial relations. The President is entitled to every credit for his dependence upon this representative of the race in matters affecting our best interests."—Indianapolis Freeman, Feb. 6, 1904.

The two foregoing editorials are clipped in their entirety out of the two Colored newspapers whose names appear under them. They are therefore reproduced exactly as they came to us in the aforesaid newspapers. We have set them up in bold face type so that our readers could read them, reread them and read them again.

They are remarkable in the first place for their similarity. Note that they appear in the same issues of two papers, ostensibly under separate management and undoubtedly printed more than a thousand miles apart. They both say "Booker Washington's recent interview of two hours at the White House has attracted much attention," except the Freeman inserts the initial "F." after the word Booker. The Sentinel says, "It is most satisfactory that Mr. Washington and the President continue their cordial relations." That is to say, the sentences are identical except that the Sentinel puts Mr. Washington before the President, while the Freeman gives precedence to the President. The next sentence reads in the Sentinel, "The President is entitled to every credit for his dependence upon this representative of the race in matters affecting our best interests." In the Freeman the next sentence is identical.

Now, as to the subject matter. We are told that "Booker Washington's recent interview at the White House has attracted much attention." Where has it "attracted much attention?" In the associated press? We had not seen any mention of it there up to the date of these papers. Since then we have looked back most industriously, but failed to find "hide or hair" of it. To be sure, we did not know just how far back to search because these papers have not been kind enough to state when the interview took place. Privately we should like to know whether it was just before the "secret conference" in New York, or just before the nomination of the white man as postmaster at Indianapolis. Be that as it may we have found no notice of the interview in the white papers.

Has the interview "attracted much attention" then, in the Colored newspapers? We next searched diligently our Colored exchanges. But we failed to find any notice of any interview in them for over three months back except the notice in our paper, a very short notice of Mr. Washington's interview the day prior to the secret conference, aforementioned. We are, therefore puzzled.

But whence emanated these identical-simultaneous editorials? We submit that they probably emanated from some one source. As internal evidence note the fact that the exact length of the interview is given. We did not have that fact in our notice of the interview. But the conclusive evidence is their similarity. And if so, whence came they? This is hard to prove from the context, but the author is evidently an admirer of Mr. Washington. We are assisted in this phase of the matter, however, by the names of these newspapers. These two newspapers praise Mr. Washington without exception, enjoy heavy advertisements of Tuskegee, and carry matter furnished by Mr. Washington's staff correspondents. Furthermore we have seen in them before identical editorials in simultaneous issues, always with reference to Mr. Washington and his school. It is clear, therefore, that these editorials were furnished by Mr. Washington.

Now this is valuable information. There has been within the Negro race a strong fight going on with reference to Mr. Washington. Certain men have gone to great lengths to oppose his race leadership, especially in politics. Intelligent men have declared it to be their belief that as a representative of leader of the race in politics Mr. Washington was a most potent agency of harm if not of ruin.

In this contest the opponents of Mr. Washington have often been met with the reply that Mr. Washington was not a race spokesman, or leader, or that he was not a politician. They have been challenged to prove that he was such. Many non-conb tants have declared they applauded him as an educator, but would oppose his political leadership if they believed he sought or accepted such.

Now the issue has at last been made clear, all doubts have been cleared away. It has now been announced from Mr. Washington's press headquarters in his own papers, in short by him, that he has had a two hours' interview with the president, that it is "most satisfactory that he and the President continue their cordial relations," and especially that the President "depends upon him as a representative of the race."

This may be unpleasant news to those who deprecate his political leadership, but it establishes the fact that he seeks to be, and to be known as the "representative of his race," with Roosevelt. Let no further question be raised to the fact. The issue is clear. Do you favor or oppose the political leadership of Mr. Booker T. Washington, principal of Tuskegee institute?

Japanese Dwelling Houses.
A Japanese house is generally all on one floor. The number of rooms in it depend on the number of bedrooms the owner requires. They are divided for the night by paper shutters, fixed in grooves, like the divisions of an old-fashioned workbox. There are no doors or passages.

PORTO RICANS GLAD.

PLEASED WITH ACTION SEATING DEGETAU AS DELEGATE.

Rank and File of People Feel That They Now Have a Part in Shaping Legislation Needed for the Island.

Every member of the house of representatives in Washington who voted for the resolution to seat Hon. Frederico Degetau, resident commissioner of Porto Rico, as a territorial delegate would feel the consciousness of a good deed well done if he could mingle just now with the natives and Americans in the island and hear the favorable comments. In fact, there are no opinions adverse to the propriety or justice of the action, which is looked upon as thoroughly American in spirit.

Just at this time some such expression of interest by congress was needed to allay native fears and offset anti-administration tirades to the effect that the Washington politicians never give a thought to the needs of Porto Rico or encourage the island to move in the direction of territorial rights and ultimate statehood. Now there is rejoicing throughout the island and native hopes for a bright future have been revived. In brief, the political effect of seating Mr. Degetau and his successors has been immediate, beneficial and far-reaching.

Gov. Hunt, who voices the sentiment of all the administration leaders of Porto Rico, said: "I am very much gratified by the action of the house of representatives. The interests of the million souls within the island of Porto Rico can be much more directly presented to congress by a commissioner with power to introduce bills and speak than by one whose voice could only be heard in committee."

"The island is entitled to federal consideration. Its harbors need dredging, its postal facilities need extension, its agricultural experiment stations need special consideration, its fortifications need repair and its educational requirements ought to have congressional aid if possible. Having no consular bureau charged with the special duty of looking after these and like things in Wash-



FREDERICO DEGETAU,
(Resident Commissioner of Porto Rico at Washington.)

ington, it should be helpful to feel that they can be laid before congress by a representative elected by Porto Ricans themselves."

Hon. Frederico Degetau, who has held the office of resident commissioner in Washington from Porto Rico to the United States, belongs to the local republican party. He is paid \$5,000 a year from insular funds, and is serving his second biennial term, which will expire on December 31 next. His successor will be elected by popular vote in the island next November, and, unless all present signs fail, will be a republican. He was born at Ponce, Porto Rico, and was graduated as a bachelor of science and arts at Barcelona, Spain, and as a bachelor of laws at Madrid. He was one of the four commissioners sent by Porto Rico to ask Spain for autonomy, and the district of Ponce elected him a deputy to the Spanish cortes of 1898. Upon American occupation Gen. Henry appointed him secretary of the interior of the first American cabinet formed in Porto Rico. Later he was a member of the insular board of charities, first vice president of the municipal council of San Juan and president of the board of education of the capital. He was first elected resident commissioner on November 8, 1900, by 58,515 votes against but 148 cast for his federal opponent, the federalists having generally refused to vote. In November, 1902, Mr. Degetau was reelected by more than 40,000 majority, carrying five of the seven election districts of the island. He was admitted to practice in the supreme court of the United States on April 30, 1901, and is an able lawyer.

The local republican party is, of course, highly elated by the seating of Mr. Degetau. Dr. Jose Briones and Mayor Robert R. Todd, of San Juan, who recently returned to Porto Rico after conferring with President Roosevelt, Senators Hanna and Foraker and others concerning the admission of six delegates of the party to the republican national convention, declares confidence that the delegates will be admitted. If they are they will all vote for Roosevelt's nomination.



BY THE WAY

Negro democrats know how to lie after they have had a chance at heart.

They are democrats for revenue only.

Will it be possible for the Negroes to unite.

Colored orators on Washington's birthday must speak to suit the school authorities.

They know the persons to select. They are good men, however, but they never express their convictions.

If there were no opposition or gains to the theory of the Wizard, there would be nothing for the subsidized press to say.

How many paid agents are there for Tuskegee?

Major Dick is the coming man in Ohio.

Editor Fortune can speak if he makes up his mind.

He struck from the shoulder last week.

Recorder J. C. Dancy should not believe all he hears.

Judge Pritchard was complimented for his fairness in the Post office conspiracy case.

It is no crime to change your mind if you desire to do so.

It is best to speak the truth always.

There are democrats in this country who believe in Bryan.

Who will bet on the next presidential election?

Let us live in hope for better days.

The Bee is the people's paper and a pure American citizen. No color about it.

It is a record of events and it does not deal in dark ages.

If you do not think as other people think you must necessarily be a democrat.

True friendship is always found in those who are honest.

From nothing, nothing comes. How can you expect to get anything from a Negro democrat?

Be honest and then you will succeed.

Think kindly of those who speak well of you, and watch those who flatter you.

How much have the depositors realized from the suits against the Capital Savings Bank.

Some people do acts for which they are sorry.

Try to be considerate before you act.

Str Capital Savings Bank did not know that.

Do you wish a defender of your rights? Read The Bee.

If Prof. Washington attempts to feed all the papers who defend him, it will break up Tuskegee.

Every so-called big Negro who writes an article in Tuskegee gets an invitation to spend the summer.

Strange that Cooper has not been invited.

How many papers are there edited in the interest of Tuskegee?

The Pen and Pencil club is a great institution.

Wayne's colored men unite on questions which are to their credit.

Will the Negro ever be able to unite in politics?

They would succeed better if they would unite.

The Suffrage convention will meet in Chicago.

Some people don't know their friends.

All should be charitable at any rate. The District delegates will be elected in April.

NERVE AND REVOLVER.

While Indiana Woman Had Both and Was Not Dismayed by the Bluff of a Tramp.

At a crossroads in Gravel Creek, some eight miles south of Nashville, Ind., is a country store kept by Alexander Shipley. One evening last week Mr. Shipley was absent, leaving his wife in charge. Two young men of the neighborhood were seated near the stove and Mrs. Shipley was arranging some glassware behind the counter, when a rough-looking stranger, carrying a cane, entered the door, and, approaching Mrs. Shipley, begged for a bite to eat, saying he had been in the woods all day and was hungry. Mrs. Shipley complied with his request.



ALONE WITH THE TRAMP.

quest and while he was eating she continued her work with the glassware. Suddenly the stranger whipped out an ugly-looking revolver, and, pointing the weapon at Mrs. Shipley, remarked: "Give me the money in the till." Upon hearing this the two young men ran out, leaving the woman alone with the tramp. Mrs. Shipley answered the would-be robber: "All right," and walked toward the money till, the tramp following several steps behind. She reached in as if for the money, but her hand reappeared grasping a revolver, with which she began shooting at the tramp. He was so surprised that he dropped his revolver and ran out of the door. Mrs. Shipley continuing to shoot in his direction as long as her revolver would respond, but failing to send a bullet home.

After placing her own weapon in the till she picked up the revolver dropped by the tramp, only to find every chamber empty. Then she went back to her work as if nothing had happened. It was some little time before the farmers gathered and offered to pursue the tramp, but Mrs. Shipley said he would long remember his escape from her, and that there was no danger of a return by him. Her husband, upon being made acquainted with the circumstances, reported that he met a stranger several miles distant as he was returning home, still walking rapidly.

CURE FOR INEBRIETY.

Tried with Good Results on a Disipated Young Fellow by a Pittsburg Magistrate.

Magistrate Joseph H. Vichestain, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, is a wise man, who would have had Solomon eclipsed 40 ways had the late deceased been so fortunate as to have been a resident of Pittsburg. Magistrate Vichestain has been grievously troubled for the past year by a young man of good family who persisted in clinging to the cup that cheers until the patrol wagon and a cell became a part of his weekly routine. Magistrate Joe tried every means at his command to save the youth, but his efforts were fruitless.

About five weeks ago Vichestain was in the South Side station when his intoxicated friend was carried in in his usual condition. The magistrate was disgusted, and at the same time sorrowful. A few minutes later a raving maniac was brought in between two burly policemen and was placed in a padded cell. This gave Joe an idea. He had his inebriated friend placed in the same apartment with the maniac, and then had both watched closely. The crazy one startled the sleeping drunk with the assertion that he was Croesus and that, in view of their friendship, he would convert him into J. Pierpont Morgan and would present him with \$400,000.



AT THE LUNATIC'S MERCY.

toxicated friend was carried in in his usual condition. The magistrate was disgusted, and at the same time sorrowful. A few minutes later a raving maniac was brought in between two burly policemen and was placed in a padded cell. This gave Joe an idea. He had his inebriated friend placed in the same apartment with the maniac, and then had both watched closely. The crazy one startled the sleeping drunk with the assertion that he was Croesus and that, in view of their friendship, he would convert him into J. Pierpont Morgan and would present him with \$400,000.

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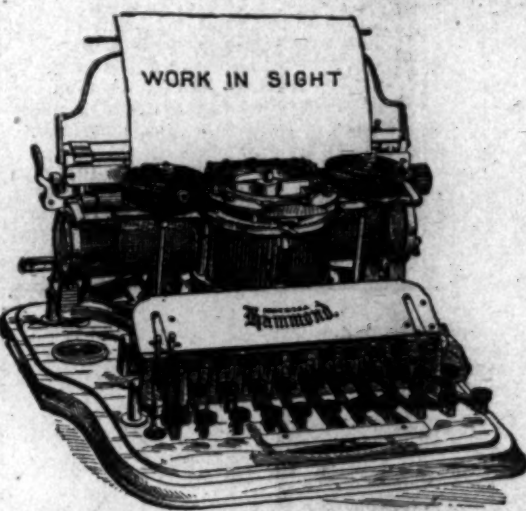
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Mrs. Bacon—ready and willing are synonymous terms, are they not? Mr. Bacon—Not always. For instance, you are always willing to go to the theater, but you're not always ready.—Tit-Bits.

Professional Opinion. Softly—I say, doctah, do you—aw—believe that liquor really affects a man's brain?

Physician—Yes, if he has any. Otherwise it affects his legs.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lights. "Well, I suppose Rockefeller lives according to his lights."

"I don't know. Sometimes I think other people's lights have more to do with it."—I. at P. D.

SLEEPS ON THE PORCH.

Miss Margaret Dwyer, an Albany Girl, Has No Fears Whatever of Cold Weather.

With the temperature at nearly zero, Miss Margaret Dwyer occupied her cot on the rear piazza of her home on Ten Broeck street, Albany, N. Y.

When asked the all-important question: Why? Miss Dwyer responded: "First, because I cannot sleep well indoors and can in open air. When I returned from last summer's vacation it was very warm in the city, so one night when I could not sleep at all I got up and went out on the porch, where I easily fell asleep on a couch. After that I just drifted into the habit. This has been a pretty cold winter, but I have not been at all cold in bed on the back porch, and have spent several of the coldest nights out this winter. I feel fine in the morning, and did not have a cold until my uncle interfered." At this point Miss Dwyer's uncle, John J. Jansen, explained that coming in one blizzard night, with his



MISS DWYER RETIRING.

clothes covered with snow, he absolutely refused to let his niece sleep in her exposed bed. A few days after that she developed a cold, and the uncle regretted his interference and believed that had he allowed Miss Dwyer to pursue her own course she would never have had her one cold.

The bed that Miss Dwyer sleeps in is an ordinary cot, with woven wire springs, situated against the partition which separates her uncle's room from his neighbor's back porch. Her bedding consists of a pair of fleece-lined sheets, a rose blanket, a comfortable and a pillow. She disrobes in the house, dons a nightdress, a bath robe, a pair of knitted booties and a hood, which while it protects her ears, leaves her face entirely exposed. Thus attired she seeks a couch almost under the broad expanse of the heavens. Her fancies are somewhat poetic and she says it is the most sublime sensation to watch the myriads of stars overhead until sleep closes the eyes.

CAUGHT DANGEROUS PET.

Servant Lately Arrived from Old Country Thought Fierce Wild Cat Could Be Tamed.

John Stephens, a farmer who lives in the Alleghenies about five miles west of Altoona, Pa., was awakened from his slumbers several mornings ago by an unearthly squealing in the lower portion of his home. Seizing a revolver, he sprang down three steps at a time to the kitchen, where he found his new Swedish cook placidly preparing breakfast, while a mass of quivering something near the fireplace spat out a vocabulary of feline invective such as he had never heard before.

"I got you pretty puss," she said, smiling at Stephens. "I got him in the stable ven I milk. I catch him vit horsefly nettings so he can't scratch. Yes, he is von fine big cat."

The farmer looked at the struggling animal. It was a wildcat which



"I GOT YOU, PRETTY PUSS."

weighed at least 75 pounds, and had claws like a small tiger. He scratched his head in perplexity. He could not cut the animal loose, and it was equally impossible to allow it to remain in the house. Suddenly a ripping was heard, and, with a wild howl, the cat began to extricate himself from the netting. The farmer dragged the girl into an adjoining room and locked the door. A minute later the animal leaped through a window to liberty.

"Him was von nice cat," said the maid, regretfully. "I wish him would stay."

Japan's Merchant Marine. The mercantile fleet of Japan ranks seventh in the world's shipping.

USED PRINTER'S INK

GRIPPLED MAN WANTED BRIDE SIMILARLY AFFLICTED.

Got What He Wanted by Judicious Newspaper Advertising—Loss of a Finger Leads to a Happy Marriage.

In an eastern paper recently there appeared the following curious advertisement:

Matrimony.—Advertiser, a young man of 27, of good family, steady, and in receipt of a good salary, is anxious to meet with a young lady who, like himself, has had the misfortune to lose the right leg. No other applicants save those who have lost a leg will be considered. Address, etc.

The young man, it appears, who had a year before met with the accident which had deprived him of his right leg, was extremely sensitive about his misfortune, and could not be convinced that he was not an object of pity to everyone with whom he became acquainted, especially women.

He therefore hit on the novel plan of advertising for a partner similarly afflicted in order that he might be sure that she was not marrying him in pity. He had a large number of replies from girls who were pretty and sound in wind and limb, who declared themselves perfectly willing to marry a one-legged man and look after him all the days of his life, but these generous offers the young man threw aside at once. Then came applications from correspondents who, though they had certainly met with painful accidents, were not afflicted in a manner similar to the advertiser.

One girl had lost her right hand, another an eye, a third her nose, and so on. These offers were also rejected. Among the batch, however, were four who had each lost a leg; but as two of these were over 40 they were also laid aside as unsuitable.

The remaining two were asked to appoint a place of meeting, which they did, and the young fellow interviewed them. One turned out to be a negress, which debarred her from securing the prize, but the last appeared to be just the girl the advertiser was looking for. She was young, healthy, pretty, bright, and—she had lost her left leg. The young man gave and received "full particulars," which turned out so satisfactorily that the two are now man and wife. The marriage is said to have turned out a particularly happy one.

One can hardly believe that the fact of having lost a finger, and that the



"LOOK AT MARY WELLS."

little one, would so prey upon a man's mind as to induce him to contemplate self-destruction, yet this was the case with William Driege, a man who was employed at one time on a farm in Kent, England, and who lost his digit in a threshing machine. After the accident Driege became so depressed and melancholy that his friends had some fears of his losing his reason. In vain he was joked about his accident and asked if he hadn't nine good fingers left, but his melancholy only increased. Then one day his brother, who was trying to arouse him from his depression, lost his temper and declared that he ought to receive a good hiding instead of sympathy.

"Look at Mary Wells," he exclaimed, indignantly; "she lost her finger the other day in a guillotine at the bookbinders' where she's employed, and she don't go snuffling round about it. I'll bring her round to see you, and if she don't make you ashamed of yourself I give it up."

He was true to his word and next evening brought the young woman round. She was the liveliest girl William Driege had ever met, and she succeeded so well in cheering up the melancholy one that he begged her to come again. This she did, and several times after, until William was so much improved that Miss Wells suggested that there was no further need for her visits.

This, however, was by no means to William's taste, and he there and then asked her if she would continue her visits indefinitely, which, after some hesitation, she agreed to do. William has since been heard to say that the loss of his finger was the greatest piece of luck he ever had, since in return for it he obtained the prettiest little hand that one could possibly desire to possess.

Big Traffic in Cocaine.

The United States is buying 30,000 ounces of cocaine a year at about three dollars an ounce. Of this only a small proportion is used legitimately. It robs its victim of his mental faculties and destroys his moral responsibility in shorter time and in greater degree than any other drug.

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PROFANEST OF PARROTS.

Widow of Old Sailor Says It Would
Seem Like Home Again to Have
the Bird Around.

"Tootsie," the profane parrot of Philadelphia, Pa., must go. He threatens to ruin the characters of two of his green and yellow brothers whose morals have hitherto been above suspicion.

"Tootsie" is to be sold. He belongs to Richard M. Mills, of Huntington street, who advertises his "only reason for selling is that the bird swears in his vocabulary."

"Tootsie" came into Mr. Mills' possession under a guarantee that he did not swear. Within 24 hours he had broken the guarantee and one of the com-



"TWOULD SEEM LIKE HOME."

mandments, besides shocking two other parrots belonging to the Mills family, neither of whom had ever said anything more wicked than "Polly wants a cracker."

"Tootsie's" evil ways are due to his early environment. Before he came to the Mills mansion he had lived in a cafe, whose habitués had found him to be an excellent substitute for a phonograph in the matter of reproducing profanity. His memory was unimpaired when he became a member of the Mills household.

"Tootsie" refused to be reformed. When the little Mills threw water on him for swearing he swore at them for doing it. On New Year's day not an oath passed his beak and it was thought he had turned over a new leaf, but the next morning he returned to his old ways with increasing vigor.

"Tootsie's" companions at first only listened to him in amazement, but a few days ago one of them married a spotless record by exclaiming, "Darn it!" That settled "Tootsie's" fate, and the advertisement appeared.

To-day's visitors included a widow, who explained that her late husband had been a seafaring man who was given to using questionable language. "It would seem like home again to have the dear bird around," she said.

"Tootsie's" vocabulary contains such gems as, "Go to blazes and shut the door," "Come up and have a drink, every fashed one of you," and "Blast your eyes, you son of a sea cook." Other favorite expressions can be expressed only by dashes and asterisks.

WED IN DRUG STORE.

Proprietor Balks When Asked to Per-
form the Ceremony, But Finds
Justice for the Lovers.

Cupid has captured a drug store in Waukegan, Ill., and proposes to use it in contracting marriages vows.

For years the corner drug store has been used to meet all kinds of wants, but no one ever heard of a man going in among the big and little bottles of many colors to have the apothecary prescribe the words that bind two hearts in one.

John Fry, leading Margaret Brownell, sought Proprietor Hallstein in his Wash-



JUDGE MURRY OFFICIATED.

ington street pharmacy recently. Fry broached the subject, bluntly saying that as the apothecary accommodated people in selling stamps, money orders, kept a public telephone and a directory, received lost articles, bound up bruised people, and rubbed pains with arnica, he did not know why he could not marry a man if he was asked to.

The good natured pillmiller assured the couple that the law did not empower him to perform a marriage ceremony, but the whole drug store was theirs, and if they would be seated for a moment he would send out for a justice.

He required but a few moments to find Judge Murry and less time for that functionary to say the words that "bound" stronger than any bandage the druggist kept in stock.

Pearls in Mussel Shells.
Pearls are sometimes found in mussel shells.

CARED FOR BY PETS.

DOG AND CAT FEED WOUNDED
TRAPPER IN CANADA WOODS.

Canine Takes Prey from Puss and Car-
ries It to His Crippled Master—
Story Vouched For by Par-
ish Priest.

An odd story of how a cat and a dog provided food for a solitary trapper who had been injured by one of his own traps was brought to Montreal a few days ago by Rev. Father Dufurche on his return from the Hudson Bay territory. Father Dufurche got the tale from another priest, known as Pere Martin, who had personal knowledge of the incident.

According to Father Dufurche's story, Henri Le Blanc left the Lake St. John region late in the fall to trap with a kindred spirit named Bossart about 150 miles northwest of the lake on the edge of the Hudson Bay district. Bossart had a cabin miles from any other habitation, where he lived with a tabby cat for a companion and mascot. It has been Le Blanc's custom to spend several months each winter with Bossart, and this year as usual he took his Newfoundland dog, Jacques, with him. The dog and cat were on the most friendly terms and the quartette enjoyed themselves until early in December, when Bossart fell ill.

The trapper was afflicted with a slow fever and upon recovering went to the nearest village, 40 miles distant, to consult Father Martin, who administers to the temporal as well as to the spiritual wants of his isolated parishioners. The priest advised the trapper to remain in the village for a couple of weeks until he had regained his full strength, and this he did, sending word to Le Blanc by a half-breed Indian who was journeying north.

The day after receiving the message from the Indian Le Blanc left the cabin to shoot a deer for food and had the misfortune to step in a snow-covered wolf trap that he had set several weeks before and subsequently lost. The teeth lacerated his left foot and ankle and it was with great difficulty that he reached camp. Here he dressed the injury the best he could, but red socks he had worn poisoned the wound and the next day he could not take a step.

There was little to eat in the house and Le Blanc was soon in a desperate condition. Bossart was to bring meal and bacon, and with fresh meat brought down by riffs this would be adequate. But with the pantry bare and his foot getting worse every hour the trapper had a good look at starvation. Jacques,



STEPPED INTO A WOLF TRAP.

he says, made no fuss, but the cat howled all night and in the morning he crawled to the door and let it out.

The woods were full of red squirrels and chipmunks and he knew that the animal could look after itself. Jacques kept close to his master until noon, licking his hand and appearing greatly distressed. The pangs of hunger were gnawing both, and Le Blanc sought consolation in counting his beads and praying. He was thus occupied when Jacques suddenly cocked his ears, ran to the door and scratched. Then he ran back, looked up in his master's face and showed great excitement. Le Blanc had reared the Newfoundland from a puppy and knew that he had some good reason for wanting to go out. So he opened the door.

The dog shot through the portal and the next minute Le Blanc heard him in a spirited altercation with his friend, the cat. In bolted Jacques, carrying a squirrel in his mouth and proudly wagging his tail. Behind him came the cat in a great state of mind. The dog held his head high in the air and dropped the squirrel on Le Blanc's couch.

The trapper quickly skinned the squirrel, cooked it and divided it into three parts. One-third went to Jacques, another to himself and the remaining portion to the cat.

The cat soon went on a second foraging expedition. A little later Jacques sneaked after her, picked up her trail and hung around for developments. Two hours later he reappeared carrying a young rabbit and followed by the indignant cat. The next day she got two squirrels and an old cock grouse. The catch was duly rescued by Jacques and presented to his master.

For eight days this programme was repeated, while the trapper's foot grew worse, matted and finally began to mend. He, the cat and the dog got thin, but they had some strength left on the eighth day when Bossart, who had improved more rapidly than was anticipated, arrived drawing a toboggan loaded with provender.

Why Sable Is a Luxury.

The average value of sable skins in the Transbaikian province of Russia this season is \$64. Those who buy from the hunters expect 300 per cent. Fox skins are bought at \$5.40 and squirrel skins at 23 cents.

CARED NOT FOR COLD.

Marriage of This Couple Proves That
Cupid Is Not Affected by Boreas'
Chilliest Blasts.

Weather seems to be the last thing that Cupid cares about. There always has been a slight prejudice in favor of June weather, but when it comes to the real question, any weather, any time, and any climate will do.

Young people went out sleighing and were half frozen, but not so much that they could not decide suddenly to stop at a justice of the peace and get married.

Other reports brought news of weddings in the tropics. Cupid is a hard-headed little man, physically. He seems to get along as well in the Aleutian Islands as in southern Italy.

Carl L. Carlson, of New Britain, Conn., invited Miss Elizabeth McKeon to take a sleigh ride to Southington.

"Isn't sleighing jolly for two?" suggested the girl.

"Yes," said the boy, "I'd like to keep on sleighing forever with you."

He had been waiting an hour to say something of this kind, and that was



GOT A BAPTIST MINISTER.

his opportunity. Just then the horse stopped.

"Where are we?" inquired Miss McKeon.

"Why," exclaimed Carlson, pointing to a sign on the door of the house, "a justice of the peace lives here. Let's get married."

This particular house seemed to have been particularly wise in his day and generation. They got out and pulled the door bell until the sleepy justice stuck his head out of the window.

"What's wanted?" he asked.

"We want to get married," said Carlson.

"Have you got a license?" asked the justice.

Even the horse looked foolish as the young people realized that wedding demanded certain preliminary formalities.

"If you haven't, you had better get one," said the justice. Just before he slammed the window down again he told them where the clerk lived, and they hastened to wake him up. Then they got a Baptist minister out of bed and he married them.

NO ORDINANCE NEEDED.

Marshal with a Gun Was Better in
This Town Than Any Number of
Legal Regulations.

"I was in a Wyoming town when there came a fall of four feet of snow," said a traveler to a Boston Globe reporter, "and being told that there was no ordinance in regard to clearing the sidewalks, I was expressing my sentiments when the landlord of the hotel, who had sent men to clearing a path to his door, turned to me with:

"Don't be in a hurry stranger. Bill will be along by and by and make it all right."

"I found that Bill was the city marshal, and a couple of hours after break-



"GOING TO CLEAR IT OFF"

fast he came along with a double-barreled shotgun. He passed the hotel to say to the saloon keeper next door:

"Jack, there's four feet of snow here."

"I see it."

"Going to clear it off?"

"No."

"All right. I'll be back in about an hour, and if you haven't started it I'll begin to shoot it off."

"The hint was sufficient and the saloon keeper was soon at work. There were several others who hung out, but were brought to time in the same way."

"In one instance the marshal had to begin shooting, but no sooner had the double charge plowed through the snow and smashed out a panel of the door than a man and a snow shovel began work and kept it up until a path was cleared."

"They don't need many town ordinances in the far west. A man and a shotgun can most always put things through."

MORE LOVE STORIES.

Married in Haste, Now Trying to
Win Ma's Blessing.

Parental Forgiveness Is Sometimes
Hard to Get After an Elopement—
Told Mamma by Telephone—
Long-Distance Courtship.

The parental blessing is an object much sought by certain victims of Cupid who have been beguiled into acting without maternal and paternal consent.

There are now crossing the Atlantic two persons who are sailing to France to obtain this last requisite to domestic happiness. They are Miss Clarissa McComb, of Larchmont, and Ferdinand Despecher, the New York and Paris banker.

Their marriage was a runaway match. It looks now as if more would be heard of it in a short time. The mother of the bridegroom threatened to disinherit him if he married against her wishes, and her wish was not that he should marry an American. She tried to prevent this particular wedding and so did the father.

The efforts of the parents were unsuccessful, and for that reason the bride and bridegroom are on their way to France to see if the parental forgiveness cannot be secured.

Despecher came to this country about six months ago with a delegation of French bankers who wanted to study the American financial methods. They returned some time ago. He had met Miss McComb at a summer party and told his friends that he wanted to stay here some time to finish up a few deals. One of the things he finished was his courtship.

He is a tall, handsome young man of fine education, and he won the consent of Miss McComb early in November. A short time later his mother and her father heard of the affair and became angry at their children for proposing to make such an alliance. Mrs. Despecher wrote threateningly to



STAKED HIM WITH \$300.

her son, and Mr. McComb took the first boat that left Paris, where he had been on business.

Two young people of Brooklyn have been hunting for the same article of parental forgiveness, with prospects of having it extended to them. Sterling Tomes, aged 18 years, and Miss Laura Williams, aged 17, a school girl, ran away to be married without taking the trouble to find out what their parents thought about the matter.

Miss Williams left home ostensibly to go to dancing school. That was the last time that Mrs. Williams saw Miss Laura Williams. The next morning the mother was called to the telephone and was told the startling news that it was her daughter at the other end of the wire, but that she was no longer Miss Laura Williams. It was Mrs. Sterling Tomes.

The two had slipped away to New Jersey, where they had been married. In Fairfield, Ia., another boy and girl couple ran away for a wedding that they feared they could not have at home. Roy Price, the son of a wealthy farmer near Libertyville, and Miss Ella Cleasby were the young people.

The son told his father that he intended to seek his fortune farther west, and the father generously provided him with \$300 to use until he had started the said fortune on its way.

With this money the boy, who is only 18, carried out his matrimonial plans.

A romance that had its beginning in Philadelphia two years ago recently ended in Honolulu with the marriage of Dr. Ralph Gardner Curtis and Miss Jane Mae Blair, both of whom are well known in that city. Miss Blair is the daughter of Henry W. Blair, a prominent business man of Syracuse.

Much against the will of her parents Miss Blair deserted society in Syracuse and New York and went on the stage. It was while a show girl in "Miss Bob White," playing at the Chestnut street theater, Philadelphia, that she met Dr. Curtis. He pressed his suit and was accepted.

A lovers' quarrel ensued and Dr. Curtis went to the Hawaiian islands, where he soon built up a lucrative practice. Miss Blair spent the last list of wine-producing nations. It is summer at Saratoga and Asbury Park, where she was a recognized belle, with many suitors for her hand.

Early in November, after a long silence, she received a letter from Dr. Curtis. It said:

"Let's forget our little quarrel. I love you more than ever. Won't you come and be my wife?"

A few letters passed between them, and then Miss Blair left New York and sailed from San Francisco for Honolulu.

POWER OF THE FLAG.

STARS AND STRIPES SUCCESS-
FULLY STOPS WIFE BEATER.

Russian Jew's Better Half Flaunts It
Defiantly When Quarrels Arise—
Mother-in-Law Also Seeks
Its Protection.

By the use of a small silk American flag the wife of a Russian Jew protected herself from the abuse of her husband, kept the latter out of jail, and steered their troubles clear of a divorce court.

The incident came to the notice of Judge Hoard, one of the best-known jurists of Shelbyville, Ind., and it is he who tells in the Chicago Tribune the story as it came to him in the course of his services as a lawyer. It will also explain to a great many people who have passed a certain little home in Shelbyville why a flagstaff has been erected in the foreground and why the stars and stripes are there displayed on every occasion during the year.

One afternoon while the judge was sitting in his office a woman entered the door and in broken language managed to convey to the lawyer the fact that she and her husband had had trouble and that the neighbors had advised her to consult a lawyer. She told the jurist that the man with whom she had emigrated from a distant land beat her, and, as she explained, "I tinks he 'buse me too much."

The lawyer managed to make her understand that, under the laws of this country, the husband could be punished for such an offense. When he explained that she could have him arrested and placed in jail, she held up her hands deprecatingly, and when she was further told that such an act would furnish the ground for a legal separation the expression that came to the face of the faithful wife clearly told the lawyer that the idea was abhorrent. "O, no, I not do that! I only tink he whip me too hard," she said.

The judge was quick to see that it was a case in which his professional services would not be employed, so he undertook to offer a little advice gratis. Taking a small flag from a drawer of his desk, he passed it over to the woman, telling her that the next time she and her spouse and trouble she was to wave it in his face and to tell him that he dare not strike her with the flag in her hand. It was difficult for the woman to clearly understand, but when she went out of the office she had folded the flag inside of her corsage, and the judge dismissed the matter from his mind.

A few days after that a Jewish-looking



GAVE HER A SMALL FLAG.

man entered the lawyer's office in a towering rage. "What's dat you tell my wife about me no dare strike her vile a flag she holds mit her hand?"

It didn't take the judge long to see that he had a chance to cultivate the seed he had sown a few days previous. He told the irate Russian that his wife, claiming the protection of the flag, could cause his arrest and imprisonment, and, if she chose, could divorce herself from such a husband.

"A month or so after that," relates Judge Hoard, "I had occasion to go down to the depot to meet a friend, and while there I noticed among the people in the waiting room the little Russian woman who had sought my advice. I was induced to question her as to how she was getting along and as to what Old Glory had accomplished for her. She told me that she was at the train to meet her mother, who was coming over from the old country. She managed to convey to me that she had written home to her maternal parent explaining the laws of this country, that however much men whipped their wives in Russia they were not allowed to do so here and go unpunished. Then she proved to me that she had brought about a wonderful reform in the ideas of her liege lord, that he had not only respected the little banner that she carried about with her, but with his own hand he had erected a tall staff in their humble dooryard, and from its peak a big flag waved on every holiday of the year."

"The man, his wife, and his mother-in-law are now all living under the same flag, and it doesn't appear to me that I will ever be able to earn a fee from any trouble that family may have."

The German Wine Industry.
According to the Moniteur Vinicole, Germany holds the eighth place in the practice. Miss Blair spent the last list of wine-producing nations. It is summer at Saratoga and Asbury Park, where she was a recognized belle, with many suitors for her hand.

Early in November, after a long silence, she received a letter from Dr. Curtis. It said:

"Let's forget our little quarrel. I love you more than ever. Won't you come and be my wife?"

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SAVED BY A PARROT.

Polly Gave Alarm When Would-Be
Suicide Fell Heavily to Employ-
ers' Parlor Floor.

Amanda Rasp, a domestic employed at the home of Matthew C. Llewellyn, at 136 Prospect avenue, Buffalo, N. Y., and who now is at the emergency hospital suffering from the effects of carbolic acid self-administered, probably owes his life to a large green parrot owned by her employer.

The girl had steadily refused to say she took the caustic with suicidal intent, though she admits having bought it at a near-by drug store shortly before. The Llewellyn family had retired when the girl returned from a visit to some friends. So far as can be learned she went directly to her room and there took the poison from her dresser. Then, fully dressed, she went to the front parlor downstairs and there swallowed the acid. Semi-conscious and suffering terribly, she fell to the floor. The sound of the fall, it appears, did not arouse the Llewellyns, and there is little doubt the girl



SWALLOWED THE ACID.

would have died had not a large Mexican parrot in an adjoining room given the alarm.

The bird apparently surmised something had gone wrong, for it set up such a screeching as to awaken Mr. Llewellyn, whose room is on the second floor.

Mr. Llewellyn hurried to the ground floor to investigate. He found the girl in the parlor gasping for breath. The emergency ambulance was called, and after a hard fight the surgeons said the girl was out of danger.

Once before, when the Llewellyn house was afire, the bird saved the lives of the occupants by making a noise.

WIFE HOLDS UP HUBBY.

Comic Results of a Saturday Shave
Afford Amusement to the Peo-
ple of Marion, Ind.

A correspondent, writing from Marion, Ind., to the Indianapolis Sentinel, says that George Sullivan, a merchant, who has been wearing a full beard for a long time, had it shaved off one Saturday night before going home.

When he entered the house his wife thought he was a burglar, seized a revolver and commanded him to hold up his hands. Sullivan declared he was not a burglar, but the head of the house, Mrs. Sullivan was excited and determined.

Sullivan, fearing he would be shot, extended his hands. His wife com-



"HOLD UP YOUR HANDS"

manded him to stand in that position and not to move or she would shoot. Mrs. Sullivan told her daughter to telephone to police headquarters, which she did. The husband attempted to reason with his wife, but she warned him that she would shoot if he spoke another word or moved. The police station is ten squares from the Sullivan home, and the unfortunate man was compelled to stand with his hands extended above his head for nearly a half hour before the police arrived.

Sullivan told the police who he was, but his wife refused to believe him until she discovered he wore a necktie which she had given him.

Glog Making in Wales.

The manufacture of wooden shoes or clogs is quite a picturesque industry of Wales. There is a large demand for these shoes, for they are the popular footwear, not only for the Welsh country-folk, but for hundreds of men, women and children who work in the factories.

New Acid with Big Name.

Dr. William Foster, of the department of chemistry at Princeton university, has discovered a new acid, hereafter to be labeled with the interesting name trisulphoxyarsenic acid.

The Bee.

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President Roosevelt.

The President has said many good things for the Negroes. He has been fearless in his utterances in their behalf and so far, he has made but one error. The Bee is and has been, since its establishment, a republican organ. It believes in the fundamental principles of the republican party. While it is true, that the republican party has sit and quietly allowed the democratic state legislatures to disfranchise their members it will have no one to blame but themselves. President Roosevelt, has by letter and public utterances, condemned the brutal outrages perpetrated upon the Negro, while a republican Senate and House of Representatives have failed to protect him. The United States Supreme Court has repudiated every case that has been brought before it that would tend to protect the Negro in his civil and political rights. With the Court of the last resort against the Negro and a republican Congress silent, what is the Negro to hope or gain? While the President has manifested great friendship for the Negro, he has made the mistake in his efforts to force the leadership of Mr. Booker Washington upon the Negro masses. The Bee is doing the work that Mr. Washington is doing at Tuskegee, but when he attempts to apologize for the brutality of the southern white man and places a premium upon the revised constitutions of the South which disfranchise the Negro, he commits a wrong that will never be righted no matter what he may say or do. He has been given force and standing by virtue of his alleged intimacy with the President. Within the past few weeks or since the secret conference in New York, Mr. Washington's attitude has been changed. Instead of poking fun at the ignorance of the black man, in his section, of the country, he has taken a bold stand in his behalf. But, will this stand undo the wrong and the mischief that have been done by the past utterances of Mr. Washington? The Bee is of the opinion that Mr. Washington has committed errors that only a revolution will correct. The President has no doubt been honest in conferring with Mr. Washington, but, can Mr. Washington truthfully say that he has honestly and earnestly presented the Negro question to the President? The Bee knows, that the President has been misinformed on some things. Whether this misrepresentation was deliberate or unintentional on the part of Mr. Washington, time alone will decide. He is not a politician. He is an adept in industrial work. He may know what is best for the colored man in that line. The President should have and should now confer with such Negro politicians as Register Lyons, Ex-Senator John P. Green, Mr. Geo. A. Myers of Cleveland, O., Rev. W. Bishop Johnson, and other representative Negroes who are not trimmers and apologists. The Bee warns the President, before he goes too far, that he will alienate or divorce the colored vote from the republican party if he continues to force the leadership of Mr. Washington upon the Negro. While it is true, that the democratic party

is and will ever be inimical to the Negro; there are thousands of Negroes in the North who have repudiated this force leadership and will cut their own throats, rather than have a man set up as their Moses whom they do not want. The masses of the Negroes want to support the President and they will, if they are treated right. They know that there is nothing in the democratic party for them. They know that every state in this Union where the democrats control, the Negro is disfranchised and discriminating laws are enacted. Every Negro who is disfranchised, one republican vote is taken from the party. Why then should the party remain so neutral? Why is it that a republican Supreme Court refuses to act? If Justice Holland is able to see the unconstitutionality of these laws and votes always to give the Negro his rights, why can't other members of that court do likewise? It seems that the Court agrees with the popular prejudices of the South. These are the evils that confront the President and it is the earnest wish of The Bee that they may be corrected before it is too late.

Vardiman and Crimes.

Where did Vardiman get his figures? If he got them from the 1900 census they must have been padded for his benefit, for the census of 1890 shows a larger percentage for the other fellow, and the census report on crimes for 1900 we understand, has not yet been given out to any Negro. But what does 1890 census show? Census Compendium, Part 2, Page 193, Table 17, shows in the highest grade of crimes; those against the government 1649 committed by white men and 176 by colored men, or one to nine and a third. Crimes against society, white men 13,459, colored 2,677—a little more than 1 to 7. Crimes against the person, white 10,203, colored 6,308. This last classification comprises homicide, rape, abduction, abortion and assault also tabulated as follows: Homicide, white 4446 colored 2512. Rape, white 820, colored 567. Abduction, white 108, colored 21. Abortion, white 43, colored 2. Assault, white 4,806, colored 3,193. Offenses against property, comprising arson, burglary, robbery, larceny of horses, receiving stolen goods, embezzlement, fraud, forgery, malicious mischief and trespass, white men committed 25,887, colored 10,495. Referring to the single item of crimes against public morals, white men committed 6,916 and colored 1,083, showing the Negro to be ahead on this most discussed item—morals, and then this record is not fairly made, for it counts only prisoners convicted for the same or otherwise adjudged by the mob for instance, how many white men are put behind the bars for offenses actually committed? Where O where did Vardiman get his figures? It is most remarkable that Vardiman believes what he says and has led thousands to believe the same. He makes deductions, prejudiced against the Negro education. Does he not know that crimes increase with advance civilization? Are not crimes among whites on the increase as they advance? Negro papers may copy these figures for there are Negroes who believe what Vardiman charges, as to Negro criminality are true.

New Paper Product.

Waste paper is used as the basis of a new composition which is said to be harder than many kinds of stone. The secret is that of a Yonkers (N. Y.) man, who has given it the name of pollardite. As a thin veneer placed on iron, wood, stone or brick, it is said to offer protection against fire, water, acids or rust, resisting the effects of extremes of high and low temperatures. It is composed chiefly of waste paper pulped and molded into form, and presents the appearance of stone in color and consistency.

Influence of Sun Spots.

In speaking of the effects of sun spots on the earth, Prof. Elkins, of the Yale observatory, said: "They produce climatic or atmospheric disturbances or changes. The effect of the spots is entirely magnetic. It takes a very sensitive person to be affected even."

FAIRBANKS A CANDIDATE.

Indiana Senator Said to Be Willing to Accept the Nomination for Vice President.

The close political friends of Senator Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana, say that he has changed his mind in regard to the nomination for vice president on the republican ticket, and that he will accept the nomination if it is tendered to him. The senator's position is such that he cannot come out with an open declaration of his candidacy, but among his friends it is considered that he is as much in the race as though he had come out in a formal and public announcement. The members of the Indiana delegation in congress take it for granted that Fairbanks will be nominated for vice president, and are formulating plans to fill his place in the senate. Senator Fairbanks is non-committal when approached on the subject. For



CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS.
(Indiana Senator Who May Accept Vice Presidency.)

publication, so far as the public goes, he is still in the same attitude of indecision and he probably realizes that it would not be dignified for him to declare his candidacy or urge his friends to work for his nomination, but the tip has gone out along the line among his followers that he will take the nomination.

Two candidates for the prospective vacancy in the senate are already in the field. They are Representative Hemingway, chairman of the house committee on appropriations, and ex-Gov. Durbin. Hemingway has the support of the members in congress, but Durbin is strong in the state. The attitude of Senator Beveridge will be an important factor in determining the selection. The junior senator has built up a strong political machine since coming to Washington, and is generally considered to be as big a man at the white house as his colleague.

STATE'S GIFT TO CITY.

Monument Erected on the Spot Where Washington Stood at Evacuation of Boston.

The monument was erected by the state of Massachusetts at an expense of \$40,000 for the purpose of marking the exact spot where George Washington, the commander of the American army, stood on March 17, 1776, as he watched the British troops evacuate Boston.

The monument was dedicated two years ago with great pomp, and the next anniversary will be equally as important and imposing.

Secretary of the Navy William H. Moody and Gen. A. R. Chaffee of the army will attend the exercises on March 17 on the occasion of turning over the monument to the care of the city, and



WASHINGTON MONUMENT.
(Presented to City of Boston by State of Massachusetts.)

Mayor Collins will make a responsive address to that of the governor.

There will be a parade of land and naval forces of the United States on that occasion, and all Boston companies of the state militia will also participate. Secretary Moody will send one or more warships to Boston for the occasion, and everything that is possible will be done by the national government to commemorate the event.

What the Law Decides.

A man who gets drunk only on legal holidays cannot be considered an habitual drunkard. This is the decision of Judge Harper, of Stark county, Ohio. A wife brought suit for separation from her husband, alleging that he was a confirmed toper. He proved that he became thoroughly fuddled only on holidays, and the judge decided against the wife.

Telephones Made Germ Proof.

It is the general belief that disease is spread by the telephone, by the breath condensing on the mouthpiece of the instrument. To prevent this, a German inventor puts a pad of paper, with a hole in the center, in the mouthpiece, and the upper disk of paper is torn off after every conversation.

NEVER IS FOUND NAPPING.

Congressman Babcock of Wisconsin Is High Priest of the "Get There" Cult.

Joseph Weeks Babcock, of Wisconsin, who has managed the republican congressional campaign for five campaigns, is known as the "Sage of Neenah." This does not indicate the silvered locks and snowy beard that are supposed to be the outward signs of ripened wisdom. There is no silver about "Bab," as he is more familiarly known among his congressional colleagues. He has the outward appearance of a prosperous, well contented business man. He is of stocky build, generous girth, florid complexion and wears a black mustache and chin whiskers and a full suit of black hair. He has a Teutonic cast of countenance, but there is no German strain in his blood. He comes of an old New England family, and first saw the light of day at Swanton, Vt. He is rather proud of his connection with the old New England family of Weeks, and prefers to



JOSEPH W. BABCOCK.
(Wisconsin Congressman, Who Runs Congressional Campaigns.)

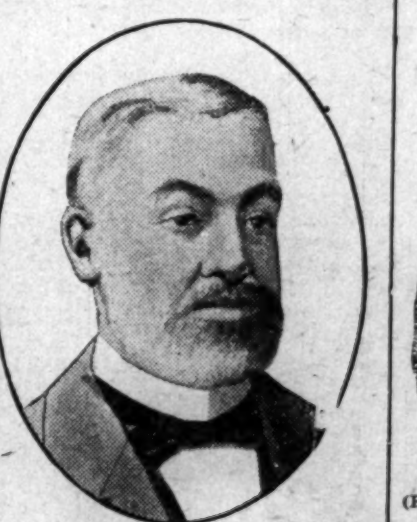
be called by that name instead of the more familiar Joseph.

Mr. Babcock is a living exponent of the gospel of "get there." He is a successful business man with a decided taste for politics and a faculty of landing in any position he wants. Asked if he can do anything, Babcock always answers: "I reckon I can." When the time came to elect representatives to the Fifty-fourth congress, the republican leaders went to Babcock and asked him if he could act as chairman of the campaign committee. "I reckon I can," was the answer. "Can you elect a republican house?" was the next query. "I reckon I can," was the brief response. How well he performed his duties was shown by a republican majority of some 40 in the house.

THE VISCOUNT DE HAYASHI

Japanese Ambassador at London Is Considered Prince of Oriental Diplomats.

Modern Japanese diplomacy has won many notable victories. It is therefore but natural to conclude that the mikado wants to strengthen his diplomatic corps in every way, especially at this time when several European nations have not yet made up their minds whether to sympathize with Russia or Japan in the present conflict in the far east. By reason of the importance of London as a diplomatic center it is highly essential that Japan should have a representative of the highest attain-



VISCOUNT HAYASHI.
(The Mikado's Talented Ambassador at London, England.)

ments at the court of St. James. And such a person is Viscount Tadasu Hayashi, Japanese ambassador to Great Britain. He was ennobled for his distinguished services at the Japanese foreign office during the war with China. Viscount Hayashi was born at Sakura, Shimosu, Japan, in 1850. He went to England in 1866 to study, and while still a young man began his official career in his own country. He was first governor of the province of Kobe.

Romance in a Hospital.

A case of appendicitis started a romance in the lives of Miss Elizabeth Branderstein, of New York, and Dr. George H. Reichers, of Brooklyn. Miss Branderstein, who is young and pretty, was a nurse at the German hospital, and was herself attacked by appendicitis. Dr. Reichers performed the operation which saved her life, and, having saved it, she gave it to him to guard forever.

Even Tramps Have Rights.

The Iowa supreme court has decided that a tramp has rights which a trainman must respect, affirming a decision from Pottawattamie county, in which Joseph Johnson secured judgment for injuries sustained by reason of forcible ejection from a moving train.

GAY YOUTH WAS SILENCED.

How Archbishop Farley Made Short Work of a Chap Who Had More Lip Than Brains.

Archbishop Farley dedicated last month at New Rochelle a handsome church that Adrian Iselin had built and given to the town. During the dedicatory ceremony a friend of the archbishop said: "When he was private chamberlain to Pope Leo some 20 years ago Mgr. Farley, as he was then called, had occasion to meet all classes of people. Wits of the world tried their hands against him now and again, but in these encounters the wits met with defeat always, for a keener, readier mind than the archbishop's does not exist on the globe."



ARCHBISHOP FARLEY.
(New York Churchman Who Is Clever as Well as Learned.)

clergymen, but he was, of course, unable to anger monsignore, or to draw him into an argument.

"Finally the foolish youth resorted to open ridicule—to sheer impudence. 'Gentlemen,' he said in a loud voice, addressing himself to the entire company, and at the same time winking in the clergyman's direction, 'gentlemen, I am informed that in the strange land of Madagascar, whenever they hang a priest they hang a donkey along with him.'"

"The young man laughed, and Mgr. Farley, looking at him mildly, said: 'Well, let us both be thankful, my young friend, that we are not in Madagascar.'"

GEN. ALEXEI KUROPATKIN.

Famous Military Leader Chosen to Lead the Russian Land Forces in the East.

Gen. Alexei Nikolaevitch Kuropatkin, who is to be commander-in-chief of the Russian army in the east, has been minister of war since 1897. He is a man with a remarkable military record, having fought in the Pamirs, in Turkestan, in Africa and in the war with Turkey, distinguishing himself especially at Plevna, where he was chief of staff under the renowned Skobelev. He is now 55 years of age, and comes of a noble family. At Paris, in 1874, he won the Legion of Honor for assisting in reorganizing the French cavalry, being the first Russian officer to gain that prize. Then he engaged in the campaign in Turkestan, wrote a book about his ad-



GEN. ALEXEI KUROPATKIN.
(Placed in Command of the Russian Forces in Manchuria.)

ventures, and was accorded the gold medal of the Geographical society. Kuropatkin entered the Turkish war as a lieutenant and emerged a colonel, and from that time his advancement has been rapid. He is the man who engineered the usurpation of Finland, and he has been a prominent figure in promoting the Trans-Siberian road. He is credited with being a master of the science of war, and his history of the Balkan campaigns is considered to be a military classic.

Happiness Made Her Tell.

Clara Nureberg, of Mamaronock, N. Y., kept her marriage to Herbert Foshay a secret for two years and then told it because she was so happy that she wanted all her friends to know it. Clara and Herbert were married on April 3, 1892, one evening when their parents supposed they were at the theater. It was a runaway match, but last week they revealed the secret, were forgiven, and are keeping house in a New York flat.

Sewed Button on Finger.

While operating a button-attaching machine at a Portland, Ind., shirt factory, Miss Nora Teeters had her thumb caught in the machine, and a steel button was tightly riveted into her thumb, the staple binding the two parts of the button being forced cleanly through the member. The button was removed with a pair of pliers.

ALONE WITH NATURE

NORTHERN MAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF FLORIDA EVERGLADES.

Striking Characteristics of This Great Stretch of Land and Water—Inhabited by a Few Seminoles Indians.

"Mile after mile of wavy green grass through which can be seen the glint of clear water, stretching east, west, north and south until bounded by the horizon; here and there in the wide expanse a bunch of trees or foliage rising island-like out of the emerald sea, waterways of varying widths and depths penetrating in every direction; a silence unbroken save by the hum of insects, the rush of some wild animal through the grass or the stealthy approach of an Indian in his canoe—thus are the Florida Everglades, through some parts of which a white man has never passed."

In such graphic words, says the New York Tribune, Nelson Morris, a Plainfield (N. J.) man, who spent two weeks this winter in this "wilderness of America," visiting a friend owning a truck farm just within the Everglades, described this tract of land and water covering the greater part of the peninsula. "These thousands of acres have lain dormant from time immemorial, and for the most part are given over to wild animals and wild men," he continued. "There are few settlements on the edges, but much of the tract has been deemed impenetrable, owing to the character of the morass and the impassable holes and sinks that break the surface, and is as much unknown to civilization as the heart of Africa. Settlers along the eastern edge know absolutely nothing about what lies ten miles inland, and will not until the time comes when these useless acres will be needed by American farmers, and the task of draining the marshland will be begun in earnest."

"The Everglades consist of great shallow lakes of pure, sweet water, varying in depth from one to six feet. Several good sized streams drain the tract, and scattered through the glades are many islands, some only a few yards square, others extending over hundreds of acres and covered with a dense growth of pines, palmettos, vines and tropical



ALONE IN THE EVERGLADES.
(Game is Plentiful, But It Is a Lonely Sort of Sport.)

trees. From the bottom of the lakes grow tall grasses that present a beautiful appearance when viewed from a distance.

"The word swamp as generally understood has no application to the Everglades, for they abound in pure water which is constantly moving in one direction or another, depending upon the topography of the country. The air is wholesome, pure, and free from disease germs, and government statistics show that fevers and epidemic diseases are almost unknown. There are not even mosquitoes in the Everglades, for no stagnant pools exist in which the larvae can thrive."

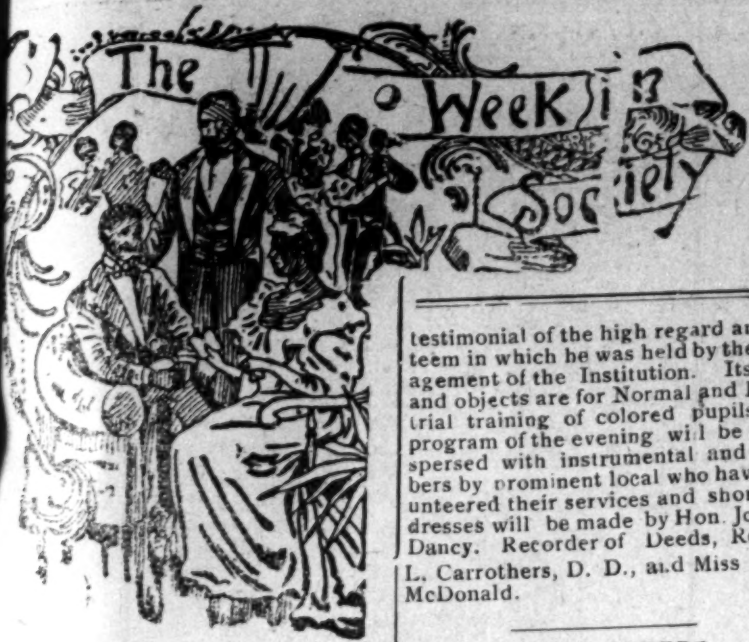
"The grass is the greatest impediment to progress through the Everglades, three kinds of it being encountered. There is the matted, half floating grass, which is found where the water is shallow. The canoeist has some trouble in pushing through it at times, but ordinarily it is not noticed. Another kind is the round grass, which is abundant on the eastern edge, and, lastly, there is the saw grass, which is the terror of all who attempt to penetrate these tracks."

"The few Seminoles Indians who people the Everglades avoid intercourse with the white man as much as possible. They have shown their wisdom by refusing to act as guides for parties of tourists anxious to penetrate the glades, for should they do so their secret trails would become known, and the quiet lives they live in these fastnesses would be liable to interruption. If a white man gets lost in the glades an Indian may consent to guide him out, but never in. They have trails through the glades which they follow as unerringly as a New Yorker walks from the Battery to Central park."

"The only kind of a craft that can be used with any success in the Everglades is an Indian canoe. These are hollowed out of cypress logs and weigh 200 or 300 pounds. They are narrow for their length, sharp on the waterline forward, but above they flare out suddenly into a blunt bow. They are also narrow at the stern, where they finish in an overhang, upon which is built a platform or slight elevation, where the canoeist stands and poles the craft along. Paddles are unknown in the Everglades, the canoes being sent through the water by means of long poles."

Blinded by Curling Iron.

Miss Agnes McGiffin, of Fowler, Ind., received a painful injury in a peculiar manner. She was curling her hair and while looking into a mirror she let the hot curling iron slip, and in falling it struck her in the eye. The physician says the sight will be lost.



Mr. Edward Younger is confined to his home with rheumatism.

Register Lyons left the city today for his home in Augusta, Ga.

Why not stoop to your mother-in-law and let her be happy.

Dr. John R. Francis is too busy to attend the Washington banquet.

Perry S. Heath has resigned as Secretary of the National Committee. He was succeeded by Elmer Dover.

Mrs. Nellie Morgan of 918, 11th St., Northwest, who has been quite ill for some time, is able to get out again.

Mrs. Washington, mother of Miss Sarah Washington of 1757 S Street, N. W., continues very much indisposed.

Mrs. Virginia and Miss F. V. Waugh, of 2206 Cleveland Street, N. W., have been very ill for more than two weeks.

The sooner the colored people of the United States learn to appreciate the negro press the better they will get along.

Mrs. Ella Coleman, wife of Mr. Jas. D. G. S. D. G. L. No. 20, is seriously ill at her residence 2008 3rd Street, N. W.

The Buffalo Club will give a complimentary dinner at the La Torium Friday evening March 18th. Mr. Wm. F. Swan will be Master of Ceremonies.

Rising Sun Lodge, No. 1365, G. U. O. of O. F., is arranging to tender the District Grand Officers a hearty reception on the occasion of their official visitation to the Lodge March 23rd next.

J. E. Bruce of Yonkers, N. Y., has been elected an honorary Member of the Society of Native Research of West Africa. The Hon. J. E. Bruce's non-de-plum is Bruce Grit.

Mesdames Angie Manson and Amanda Smith of Huntington, Va., who have been in the city several weeks, guests at the Clyde hotel, left the city last week for their homes.

Rev. B. L. Phillip of 483 K St. Southeast, who has been under the professional care of Dr. Phil. B. Brooks, has greatly improved. Rev. Phillips has been sick with the muscular rheumatism for three months.

Rev. W. J. Howard has been highly complimented for his able practical and timely sermon to the members of Rising Sun Lodge, No. 1365, G. U. O. of O. F., at the Zion Baptist Church on the occasion of the 36th Anniversary of the Lodge. A very large and appreciative audience was in attendance.

Misses Stella Langly and Lizzie Hitchings of Baltimore, Md., paid a visit to the city last Friday evening and returned Sunday. Miss Langly was the guest of Miss Emma McGinnis, while Miss Hitchings was the guest of Miss Effie Middleton. The respective hostesses gave a tea to both ladies Sunday evening. Their callers were many.

Dr. J. N. Johnson will read a paper before the Lyceum of the Second Baptist Church, Sunday afternoon, March 13, 1904, subject: "Race Organization." Students and in graduates of our schools are specially invited. The Doctor paints a bright future, wish plans immediately available. We understand that previous efforts at union will be reviewed for the purpose of instruction, only.

By invitation, Mr. J. T. C. Newsom, Proprietor and Manager of the Eureka Employment Exchange, delivered an address on Thursday evening, March 13, under the auspices of the Associated Charities, on the subject, "Some Phases of the Servant Problem."

On account of Mr. Newsom's long and intimate contact with the problem, he is considered quite an authority on that question. Some of the topics discussed were: "Tenure of Service," "Unreliability," "Efficiency," "White vs. Colored Help" and "The Country Girl." The address was well delivered and favorably received.

There will be given in this city on the evening of March 29th, a Literary and Musical Entertainment for the benefit of the William McKinley Industrial School of Alexandria, Va., which will be held in the main auditorium of the Galbraith A. M. E. Zion Church, 6th street between L and M streets, N. W. The management have secured the services of Mr. Charles I. Simms, of the District of Columbia, who will deliver a lecture on the subject of William McKinley—"His Life and Works." In addition to assisting in a meritorious enterprise, the admirers of our late lamented President will have an opportunity of reviewing his life and works, which will be graciously presented by the Lecturer. The William McKinley Industrial School is located in the city of Alexandria, Va., and was named in honor of the martyred President as a

testimonial of the high regard and esteem in which he was held by the management of the Institution. Its aims and objects are for Normal and Industrial training of colored pupils. The program of the evening will be interspersed with instrumental and numbers by prominent local who have volunteered their services and short addresses will be made by Hon. John C. Dancy, Recorder of Deeds, Rev. S. L. Carothers, D. D., and Miss Mary McDonald.

SECRET ORDERS.

Geo. C. Whitting Lodge of West Washington, D. C., observed its 36th Anniversary at the Hall.

Last Tuesday night, March 8th, Captain W. D. Matthews of Leavenworth, Kas., was made a member of the U. V. U. and made a Deputy with powers to Create Bodies on his travels. The Captain is the National Grand Master of F. A. A. A. York Masons. For H. A. he is here paying his annual grand visitation to the Most Worshipful Eureka Grand Lodge of the D. C.

Queen Deborah, H. of R., No. 23, G. U. O. of O. F., gave a Grand Prize Mask Entertainment at the Hall 1606 U Street, N. W., March 11th, 1904.

Rising Sun Lodge No. 1365, G. U. O. of O. F., will observe their 36th Anniversary at the Hall 1606 M March 15th.

Ill—Robt. J. Fletcher, 33° Deputy Grand Commander of A. A. S. R. For S. & W. and Deputy Grand Potentiate of Mystic Shrine. For H. & S. America Installed the Officers of Meulink Temple and Lebanon Consistory of Oasis and Valley of Oakland, California.

April 4, Hannibal Lodge No. 1, F. & A. M., of San Francisco, Cal., will give an Easter Soiree at Union Square Hall.

Ill—W. H. Johnson, 33° of Washington, D. C., is very sick.

King Meulink of Abyssinia, has been invited to attend the St. Louis Fair by the President. Meulink is a lineal descendant of our Grand Master, King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

Ill—Isaiah H. Holland, 33° Past Imperial Potentiate of A. E. A. O. N. of M. S., was in our city recently. Bro. Ike is all right.

While the K. of P's of the D. C. are asleep (not their credit) we find the Order on the move on the outside. This being the Capitol of the U. S. we think our friends should have more pride.

The four Grand Lodges of Masons in the D. C. are as follows: The V. A. Ave. Faction, W. H. J. Malvin, G. M. W. H. Myers, G. S. The 19th St. Faction, (designated the Jones to Settle Faction), G. M., H. C. Scott, A. H. T. Walker, G. S. The Campack Faction, Co. R. T. Goodman, G. M., J. E. Williams, G. S. The Hiram Grand Lodge, A. A. S. R. Free Masons, F. A. Jackson, V. G. M., A. B. Black, V. G. S.

All these 4 Grand Lodges claimed to be the Simon pure article. They had better take the advice of the Bee and harmonize. United efforts, mutual benefits. The white brethren of the U. S. will respect you more when you work as a unit. You howl and kick because they won't officially recognize you, and you won't recognize yourselves. Better stop, and remember that you all belong to a persecuted race.

Greatly Reduced On-Way. Colonists' Fares to the West by the way of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. During the months of March and April the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will place on sale daily, from all stations, ONE-WAY COLONIST TICKETS to principal points in California, Arizona, British Columbia, Colorado, Montana, New Mexico, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Washington, Wyoming, etc., at GREATLY REDUCED RATES. For tickets and full information, call on our district Ticket Agents, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

The Uses of Palm Trees. The various kinds of palm trees on the island of Ceylon are in themselves of great interest, and when their different uses are explained a person can well appreciate how essential they are to the natives in the low country Singalese districts. From the sap of the coconut palm the spirit he drinks is distilled; the kernel of the nut is a necessary element in his daily curry; the "milk" is the beverage offered to every visitor to his domain; his only lamp is fed from the oil; his nets for fishing are manufactured from its fibre, as is also the rope which keeps his goat or cow from going astray; while the rafters of his house, the thatch of the roof and the window blinds are made from its leaf and wood. There is, perhaps, no product in the world that is put to so many and such profitable uses as the coconut palm, for, even before it is grown, its leaf ribs are tied together to make brooms for sweeping and cages for birds.

Billiard Table of Glass. In a billiard-room in Paris is a billiard table made of glass. It is much more difficult to make a shot upon it than upon the ordinary baize-covered table.

72 PIECES OF NEW SHEET MUSIC FREE

Chance to Join a Club That Will Make and Save Money for You. Everybody should join the Mutual Literary Music Club of America. There is nothing else like it anywhere. It costs almost nothing to join and the benefits it gives are wonderful. It enables you to purchase books and periodicals, music and musical instruments at special cut prices. It secures reduced rates at many hotels. It answers questions free of charge. It offers scholarships and valuable cash prizes to members. It maintains club rooms in many cities for its members. In addition, the club receives the official magazine entitled "Every Month's a Publication" in a class by itself, including 6 pieces of high-class vocal and instrumental music (full size) each month without extra charge. 72 pieces in one year in all. YOU CAN GET ALL OF THESE BENEFITS FOR ALMOST NOTHING.

The full yearly membership fee is One Dollar for which you get all above, and you may withdraw any time within three months if you want to do so and get your dollar back. If you don't care to spend \$1.00, send 25 cents for three months membership. Nobody can afford to pass this offer by. You will get your money back in value many times over. Full particulars will be sent free of charge. But if you are wise you will send in your request for membership with the proper fee at once. The \$2.00, three months membership offer will soon change. Write at once addressing your letter and enclosing \$1.00 for full year's membership or twenty-five cents for three months to:

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TALK OF THE TOWN.

Manhattan Island has an average of 132 people to the acre, while London has 60.

In the past five years the number of banks in Boston has been reduced more than one-third, and the capital very nearly one-third.

The Lynn, Mass., Historical society is soon to commemorate the memory of John Adam Dagry, the first shoemaker of Lynn and the founder of the city's great industry. A tablet has been completed and next spring will be erected in the western burial ground in the shoe city. Dagry fought in the American revolution with the patriots.

Mayor Edward F. Brush, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., is appointing some of the wealthiest and most prominent men in the city to offices under his control. Mr. Brush is a "reform" mayor. Dr. Campbell, the richest local physician, has been chosen for head of the health board, and Edison Lewis, a rich clothier, is police commissioner. It is expected that these wealthy men will give most or all of their salaries to their clerks or to charities, but they will give close attention to the duties of their offices.

Digging up a city is a good thing for the farmers. One can have no idea of the number of wagons and horses that have been employed in carting away earth taken out of the subway and excavations for skyscrapers. Most of them belong to farmers in New Jersey, Long Island, Connecticut and the nearby counties in New York state. Instead of being practically idle much of the fall, winter and spring, they have earned big wages for their owners. Furthermore, the demand for good horses among the contractors has boomed prices tremendously.

Live on Small Incomes. The statistics committee of the province of Voronezh, Russia, a fairly representative district, shows that the average farmer's family consists of eight persons; that their gross annual revenue is \$105 in money and \$107 in farm products. They spend for taxes and rent \$48.80; for clothing \$38.48; for tea and sugar \$1.96; for furniture, \$1.64; for salt, \$1.20; for kerosene, 88 cents; for soap, 39 cents; for "articles of personal comfort," four cents.

NOT in the TRUST

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THE LAW OF THE LAND.

A railroad company is held, in Donovan vs. Pennsylvania Co. (C. C. App. 7th C.), 61 L. R. A. 140, to be entitled to give the exclusive right to solicit passengers within its station to one hackman.

Failure of loaders to perform their duty and remove loose coal hanging in a mine, which renders the place unsafe for other employees to work in, is held, in Tradewater Coal Co. vs. Johnson (Ky.), 61 L. R. A. 161, to be the negligence of the master and not of the fellow servant of a machine man's helper.

Where a contract of employment is made for one year as a stipulated salary per month, an agreement during the term to receive less or to pay more than the contract price is held, in C. H. Davis & Co. vs. Morgan (Ga.), 61 L. R. A. 148, to be void unless supported by some change in place, hours, character of employment or other consideration.

The owner of the building required by statute to be provided with fire-escapes is held, in Carrigan vs. Stilwell (Me.), 61 L. R. A. 163, not to be relieved from liability for their absence by the fact that the building was in possession of a tenant, where the statute requires notice to be given to him in case they are found to be unsafe and imposes a penalty upon him for neglect to comply with recommendations in regard to them.

A manufacturer who, without giving notice of its dangerous character, supplies to another a machine which at the time of delivery he knows to be imminently dangerous to the life or limbs of anyone using it for the purpose for which it is intended, is held, in Huset vs. J. I. Case Threshing Mach. Co. (C. C. App. 8th C.), 61 L. R. A. 303, to be liable to an employee of the vendee who sustains injury from its dangerous conditions.

SEWING CIRCLE GOSSIP.

Lady Clifford, of Chudleigh has been interesting herself in the revival of the lace industry in Devonshire, England.

Matilda Sero, the noted Italian novelist, has been traveling in Palestine, and has written a book about her experiences.

Mrs. Thomas Jefferson killed her wedding ring to Mrs. Martin Tazewell Southall, who died in Baltimore recently.

The widow of the late Prof. Virchow has decided not to sell his extensive library, but to give it to several of the scientific institutions to which he belonged.

At the last meeting of the Berlin Medical association Prof. Ewald announced the receipt for the society of about 7,000 of these books.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts is a standing wonder to London. The venerable woman is out driving every fair day and often when the weather is so unfavorable as to keep much younger women at home, for the baroness is a firm believer in fresh air. The result is that in old age she retains much of her youthful vivacity.

Mrs. Thompson B. Ferguson, wife of Oklahoma's governor, is dean of newspaper women in that territory, having been actively engaged in journalism for a number of years. Her husband was away from home when a telegram arrived announcing that President Roosevelt had named him for governor of the territory. Mrs. Ferguson promptly wired his acceptance. When he arrived home in the evening she had a grip packed and he left on the night train for Washington, where he was committed at once.

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DO NOT BUY a bicycle until you have written for our list, equipment, sundries and sporting goods at half regular price, in our big free sunny catalog. Contains a world of useful information. Write for it.
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We Have a Bar'l

All the big brands of Whiskies, Braddock, Wilson, Old Taylor, Paul Jones, Overholt, Congress Hall former 15 cents, will be sold for 10 cents over the counter.

BILL NYE'S GRAVE.

Remains of Great Humorist Rest in Neglected Country Churchyard—Was Generous to a Fault.

Alas, poor Yorick!
In a rural churchyard 13 miles from Asheville, N. C., lies the grave of Edgar Wilson Nye.

In the seven years that have passed since his death, says the Kansas City World, the mound of earth has almost disappeared. Winter's blasts and summer's rains have almost leveled the earthen coverlet of the humorist. No flowers grow in summer time. Briers run riot over the spot and weeds grow luxuriantly.

Why this neglect?
"Bill" Nye made a great deal of money in the closing years of life, but he was open-handed. He could not resist an appeal for help. He gave away almost as fast as he received. The only money he left his estate was his life insurance. That money was deposited in an Asheville bank, which almost immediately failed. Mrs. Nye was compelled to keep boarders to maintain the family. The struggle grew too hard for her and she returned to her western home. Before she left she had placed in Calvary church, in the cemetery of which Nye's body rests, a memorial window.

Alas, poor Yorick!
"Bill" Nye was a strange nature. He was more than humorist. He was both a poet and a philosopher. And beneath the surface was the tenderness of a woman. Those who knew him best knew the rare sweetness of his soul.
"Of manners gentle, of affection mild; In such a man, in simplicity a child."

of money to loan on furniture, pianos, &c. No delay. Good are not disturbed. You return the money in small payments. If you have a loan and need more, call on us.
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A Fine line of fresh Country

TURKEYS FOR THANKSGIVING

will be on hand
LEAVE YOUR ORDER

OLD BACHELOR TALKS.

His Importance with a Woman Who Used His Money to Marry the Other Man.

A Joplin (Mo.) bachelor regards woman as a very wayward, schizoid creature, and the Joplin News-Herald says that he seems to have some ground for his opinion. "That's the reason I never married," he confided, after having remarked about the fickleness of femininity. "Several years ago," he proclaimed, "I happened to be in another town engaged on a contract, and while there I ran across a young woman whom I used to know working in a hotel. I had known her when she was but a girl, and at that time her parents were well fixed. She told me that her husband had deserted her, leaving her to work out for her living. I didn't like to see her there, and I arranged with a friend to give her a better position. Finally I took such a liking to her that I proposed marriage, and she accepted me, agreeing to marry me as soon as she



TELLING HIS TALE OF WOE.

could get a divorce. She went to Springfield and proposed to get the divorce there. Every now and then she would send me marked copies of papers containing items regarding the progress of her case. All the time I was sending her money to support her there and aid her in getting the case through. Some time after I received a copy of a Springfield paper with the account of her divorce being granted. She asked for a little more money to get her wedding trousseau made. I sent her more money, and she wrote me how she was progressing with her trousseau. "Well, did she get it finished?" The bachelor paused to light his cigar.

"Yes, she did. I received another marked copy of a Springfield paper. This time it contained the notice of her marriage."

"Her marriage?"

"Yes; the blanketed woman had gone and married a conductor, and here she had worked me for the money to buy her wedding outfit and get her divorce."

"That's the reason I'm still bacheling," continued the Joplin man, with a sigh.

SHE PAID HER BET.

Omaha Girl Eats Ice Cream in Yard at Zero, Surrounded by a Host of Friends.

Because she lost in a wager made last summer, Miss Florence Parmelee, of Omaha, Neb., Christmas afternoon ate a pint of ice cream sitting in the front yard at her father's residence, while the thermometer registered just below zero. Friends to the number of a score or more gathered around to cheer her on, while passersby stopped to see the fun. Miss Parmelee is the daughter of Capt. Edward Parmelee, of the quartermaster's department, United States army. All the friends present when the

wager was laid were invited to the banquet. Promptly at four o'clock the party went into the yard, where a chair was placed where the sweep of the north wind could be felt at its worst. Then Miss Parmelee, wrapped in furs and coats, took her seat and was handed a huge dish containing a brick of variegated ice cream, which she promptly proceeded to eat, while she shivered.

Obeyed Orders Literally. A teacher in a western town, instructing a class in composition, gave this advice: "Do not attempt any flights of fancy; be yourselves and write what is in you." The following day a bright pupil handed in the following: "We should not attempt any flights of fancy, but write what is in us. In me there is my stomach, lungs, heart, liver, two apples, one piece of mince pie, three sticks of candy, a half lot of peanuts and my dinner."

OWNED BY THE NAVY.

Wireless Telegraph Station at North Truro, Mass.

Situated on a High, Bleak Bluff Which Rises in a Sheer Ascent of 140 Feet from the Storm-Tossed Beach.

On the outer sea coast line where stretches the bended arm of Massachusetts far into the broad Atlantic, at Highland light, Cape Cod, has just been established a wireless telegraph plant by the United States navy department.

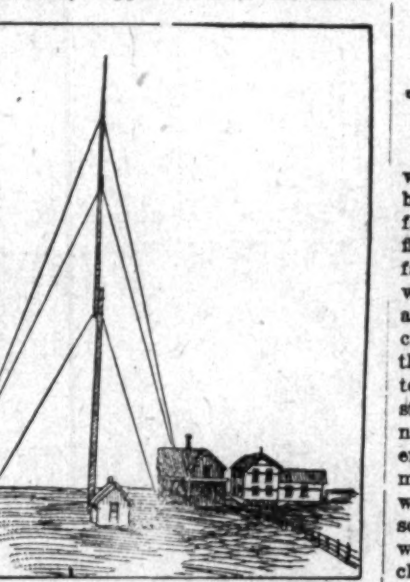
The station at this point is located on the northern extremity of the lighthouse reservation and within less than 100 feet of the marine signal station of the Boston chamber of commerce. The blue clay bluff here rises in sheer and almost perpendicular ascent from the beach 140 feet and the waves thunder at its base when the gale lashes them into fury.

The Boston Globe says that on this storm-swept cliff rises, 190 feet from the ground, a huge staff, and at its utmost top, from a small projecting arm, pointing heavenward, swings the wire which is to catch the electric spark sent out from some passing ship and transmit it to the instruments in the office of the operator. A man standing at the top of this high staff looks down on the sea washing the sandy shore 330 feet below.

This telegraphic mast is made in three sections, the lower of Oregon pine, 25 inches in diameter at the base and 28 inches at the bounds. It is 102 feet in length and its base sets in solid concrete to a depth of 13 feet. From its top run four heavy cable wire guys, attached to heavy chains which encircle timbers 14 inches square and 15 feet in length, buried 12 feet in the ground, and connected by copper wires to the instru-

The second section, or topmast, is 58 feet in length, and guyed like the lower-mast, to sand anchors 20 feet beyond the main staff anchors. The topgallantmast is 30 feet, and is guyed to the same anchors which hold the topmast. A rope ladder like the ratlines on a ship affords means for reaching the top of the mast.

The ground plate, a sheet of solid copper one-fourth of an inch in thickness, 15 feet long and nine feet wide, is buried eight feet in the ground, and connected by copper wires to the instru-



TRURO WIRELESS STATION. (Located on Bleak, High Bluff Off Massachusetts Coast.)

ments in the operating room of the electricians' dwelling, a story and a half wooden structure, sheathed throughout the interior with pine, and a substantial, warm and comfortable building. Everything is now ready except the installation of the instruments, dynamos and batteries, and their arrival is expected in a few days.

Chief Electrician J. D. Donnell is in charge of the station, and, with his wife, is finding the place comfortable as could be expected in these unusually severe days of wind and cold. The system to be used, and the one adopted by the government for all its stations, is the Slaby-Arco, the invention of a German, and materially different from the Marconi method in many respects. Mr. Donnell, who was for a time at the Charlestown navy yard, was able to pick up the cruiser Topeka by the wireless on her visit to Boston some weeks ago, and opened successful communication with her when she was 36 miles out. It is claimed that 75 miles have been easily covered, and that when the station and ships get fully tuned up more than double that distance can be covered.

It is anticipated that eventually it will be possible to reach from one station to another around the entire chain of coastwise stations, and to reach ships at sea anywhere within a radius of 200 miles. It is proposed by the government to establish a chain of stations extending from the coast of Maine to the Gulf of Mexico, to Porto Rico, and along the entire coast line of the Pacific to Alaska.

These stations in most instances would not be over 200 miles apart, and it is thought it will be possible to reach from one station to the other along the entire Atlantic coast across the isthmus of Panama and up the Pacific line to the northern boundaries of this country.

Although several severe gales have prevailed since the staff here was erected last October, it stands firm and secure. The grounds upon which both the lighthouse and wireless station stand was originally a plot of ten acres, but now less than five acres remain, the balance having washed into the sea. The average washing away of the cliffs at this point is nearly two feet yearly, and in 25 years the wireless plant, and in 35 years the lighthouse will be in danger of falling into the sea.

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Gents' Solid Gold Dumb bell Sleeve buttons, \$3.50; a useful present.
Gents' 14k. Gold-filled Chains, \$2.00 warranted for five years' wear.
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Ladies' Silver Watches, \$4 and \$5

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HORN THE TAILOR 637 F

On a Japanese Warship.

Japanese sailors on the Mikado's warships are thus described by Archibald S. Hurd: "These sailors of the far east take things very much as they find them with a stoical calm. They face danger with much the same spirit with which they take their pleasure, and in spite of the rapid strides which civilization has made in their country their luxuries are few and they are contented and happy. They are devoted to simple sports, to fencing and to acting; no one can ever forget the dramatic entertainments on board the Japanese men-of-war who has been privileged to witness them. Nor does the memory soon become dim of one of these ships when decked out in gala dress, with chrysanthemums, cherry blossoms and other blooms typical of Japan enlivening the grim aspect of the decks. The men are adepts in the making of imitation paper flowers, which so closely resemble the handwork of nature that at a casual glance one hardly notices the deception."

Railway Construction.

In 1887 an American named Collins first proposed a railway from the Amur to the village of Tchita. Later, several plans were formulated, but it was not until March 17, 1891, that the Trans-Siberian railroad was definitely determined on and projected by an imperial order. On May 19, 1891, the first stone was laid. The line covers 3,562 miles in Russian territory and 1,604 miles in Chinese territory. In ten and one-half years 5,166 miles of rails were laid. In the Canadian Pacific, constructed under similar conditions, it took ten years to lay 2,921 miles of rails.

How a Statue Became.

Very warlike is the aspect of a singular equestrian statue in Belgium, yet there is no cause for alarm, since it is nothing but a tree. Some ten years ago a police officer retired from the force and went to live near Charleroi. Being an amateur horticulturist, he busied himself a good deal with trees and flowers and one day as he was trimming a hawthorn in his garden it occurred to him that it would be a novel idea to train it in such a manner that it would eventually assume the figure of a cavalry officer. At once he went to work, and after ten years' labor he succeeded in transforming the tree into a perfect picture of a mounted soldier. The tree is known in the neighborhood as "Gen. Hawthorn," and hardly a day passes that strangers do not come from a considerable distance in order to view this wonderful example of horticultural art.—Detroit Free Press.

Russian Enterprise.

The Russian government will establish permanent commercial museums in Paris. The "Freezing" Cure. From France comes the experiment of "freezing" human beings as a cure for some complaints. The original "subject" was placed in a steel fur-lined cylinder for a quarter of an hour at a time, a solution of various acids, at 110 degrees below zero, being circulated through the cylinder's double walls. By eight such applications the man was cured after suffering from dyspepsia for 15 years.

DREAM OF THE MINER.

Always Expecting to Stumble on a Colossal Fortune—But His Best Finds Are Small.

The first men in the mines were a sort of madmen, writes Joaquin Miller, in the Sunset Magazine. Like Cortes and his men, they expected every day, every hour, to come upon untold wealth. Men really expected to find houses of gold, or at least nuggets as big as barns. I remember that I always, day after day, year after year, expected, some time and in some strange and sudden way, to stumble on a colossal fortune. Yet if I should receive 25 cents a day for what work I did in the mines there would to-day be quite a balance to my credit, and a hundred thousand miners could say as much.

No, the mines never paid the men who worked them greatly, whether in this rich camp or elsewhere. But the gold that was dug out contributed to the wealth of the world and carried it on and up, so that no one should now complain. The great big lumps of gold, however, were never found. You can search the gold history of all Australia through and through, as well as California, and be surprised to learn that there was never yet a single lump or nugget of gold found too heavy to be handled by even a woman. Many nuggets were found, it is true, that were very promising in weight and size, but that was all. Yet they were like alluring beacon lights, and every new nugget, or new and rich deposit of dust, only excited men the more. So, like the gold-hunting Spaniards, they plied every mountain pass, every canyon and burrowed in the bed of every accessible river on the western slope before they had been here a year. It is a notable fact that all the placer mines in California were found during the first three months.

VALUE OF A GOOD YAWN.

Medical Men Declare It Relaxes Tense Nerves and Contracted Muscles—Rests the Whole Body.

Yawning is not at all times an indication of a feeling of laziness. More frequently it is an evidence that certain muscles have been overstrained and require rest. Medical men aver that a yawn is nature's demand for rest. Some people think they only yawn because they are sleepy. But this is not so. You yawn because you are tired. You may be sleepy, also, but that is not the real cause of your yawning. You are sleepy because you are tired, and you yawn because you are tired.

Whenever you feel like yawning, just yawn. Don't try to suppress it, because you think it is impolite to yawn. Put your hand over your mouth, if you want to, but let the yawn come. And if you are where you can stretch at the same time that you yawn, just stretch and yawn. This is nature's way of stretching and relaxing the muscles.

Don't be afraid to open your mouth wide and yawn and stretch whenever you feel like it. Indeed, if you are very tired, but do not feel like yawning, there is nothing that will rest you so quickly as to sit on a straight-backed chair, and, lifting the feet from the floor, push them out in front of you as far as possible, stretch the arms, put the head back, open the mouth wide, and make yourself yawn.

Those tense nerves will relax, the contracted muscles will stretch, and the whole body will be rested. Do this two or three times when you are tired, and see what it will do for you.

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Do not be deceived by those who advertise a \$60.00 Sewing Machine for \$20.00. This kind of a machine can be bought from us or any of our dealers from \$15.00 to \$18.00.

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Write for CIRCULARS showing the different styles of Sewing Machines we manufacture and prices before purchasing.

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Leave Washington, from station corner of New Jersey Avenue and C St. CHICAGO AND NORTHWEST. *11.00 a. m. *6.30 p. m.

CINCINNATI, ST. LOUIS AND LOUISVILLE. *10.05 a. m. *4.15 p. m. *1.10 night.

PITTSBURGH AND CLEVELAND *11.00 a. m. *8.45 p. m. and *1.00 night.

COLUMBUS AND WHEELING *6.30 a. m. *10.00 a. m. *4.15 p. m. *1.10 night.

WINCHESTER *6.30 a. m. *10.00 a. m. *4.15 p. m. *1.10 night.

LURAY *7.15 a. m. *10.00 a. m. *4.15 p. m. *1.10 night.

ANNAPOLIS. *7.30 a. m. *10.00 a. m. *4.15 p. m. *1.10 night.

FREDERICK. *8.35 a. m. *11.00 a. m. *4.15 p. m. *1.10 night.

HAGER-TOWN. *10.05 a. m. and *7.30 p. m. *1.10 night.

BOYD and way points. *8.35 a. m. *11.00 a. m. *4.15 p. m. *1.10 night.

GAITHERSBURG and way points. *8.35 a. m. *11.00 a. m. *4.15 p. m. *1.10 night.

WASHINGTON JUNCTION and way points. *8.35 a. m. *11.00 a. m. *4.15 p. m. *1.10 night.

BALTIMORE, week days. *7.30 a. m. *10.00 a. m. *4.15 p. m. *1.10 night.

Sundays. *7.30 a. m. *10.00 a. m. *4.15 p. m. *1.10 night.

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CHRIS. XANDER, 39 years it has been evidenced that, to obtain for family use the purest and most wholesome wines and distillates, selection should be made from Chris Xander's Quality House.

To that stock has by request been added BERI MEDICINAL NIZZA OLIVE OIL.

he thinnest pressing, easily assimilated by delicate stomachs and dyspepsia. To preserve its freshness and curative virtues imported in small (4 ounce) bottles and sold at 25 cents by the sole distributor, Chris Xander.

Philip Davis, a farmer of Stephentown, Pa., has the record in the matter of putting in the longest time in planning his own coffin, and it was only just finished when the grim reaper ordered him to occupy it. Thirty-five years ago Mr. Davis asked a cabinet-maker to commence building a coffin.

He procured the walnut lumber from his own farm and hauled it to the cabinet-maker's shop. The lumber was safely kept, but the carpenter kept putting the work off until two years ago, when Davis insisted that the job be finished, and it was. Strange as it may seem, the eccentric farmer had no care to see the work that he had been planning for more than a third of a century, and died without seeing the casket.

A Merry Round. There's a merry sound of music in the raindrops on the shed.

Like the angels was a-peppin' us with blossoms overhead.

An' the mistletoe is hangin' near the holly berries red.

Hands round the trusty winter mornin' Come in from the weather where the fire cracks an' glows.

An' the blue smoke up the chimney in a ripple flows.

Oh, life is worth the living, though the year is gray and cold.

The song is sweet in singin', an' the merry tale is told.

An' take of joy full measure—all the arms of you can hold.

Hands round the frosty winter mornin'—F. L. Stanton; in Atlanta Constitution.

HERE'S A LITTLE



Pointer for You

By Miss May Clematis.

Some girls are too fresh.
Do not go alone on excursions.
Every girl should protect herself.
Do not express too much anxiety.
Do not expect to please everybody.
Courtship is of short duration now.
Never introduce yourself to a male.

Do not imagine that you are pretty.
It is in bad taste to admire yourself.
Artifice is like fresh cake it will get stale.

Independence in a girl will command respect.
S. T. You must be able to protect yourself.

Be slow to speak but quick to comprehend.
Self pride will after lead to ridicule and disgust.

When your conscience is right, you need not fear.
Always be on time when you intend to attend church.

What will please some people will not satisfy others.
The honeymoon lasts three days and hardly that.

O. T. Dresses have been quite pretty this summer.
Do your duty and nothing more can be expected of you.

Everything that becomes other people may not become you.
He will not respect you, neither could you ask to be introduced.

Familiarity should not be tolerated, will cause you to be disrespected.
Nellie. Deception is very often evident in a fickle minded girl.

Norah. Do not be selfish. It is in bad taste to impose upon a true friend.
Point on the face is vulgar. It readily demonstrates the character of the woman.

No lady will allow a man to walk with her with a cigar or cigarette in his mouth.
Miss E. You should not doubt when you see evidences of affections and of fidelity.

Be what you are and do not ever tempt to make of yourself something else.
Your good senses will teach you better than you are respected by your false escort.

Always keep one thing in view and that is always keep the gossipers tongue quiet.
A good house wife knows how to manage a house and what will please her husband.

Miss O. Do not believe everything that is said to you. It is well to weigh all, everything.
Sadie. Do not imagine that your ears cannot be filled by another. Ears are often of this opinion.

Bessie. Be contented and you will succeed. There are times in ones life that become bunglesome.
Miss R. M. Flashy dressing will become some people but what ones thoughts are is another question.

Etta. Friendship can be alienated coolness and indifference. Some people cannot appreciate true friendship.
Miss T. M. You cannot expect to lead your friends by deception. This suggestion was given to you some time ago.

Ada. How can you expect to demand respect if you do not conduct yourself properly. You ask for advice. Be wise. Let your actions and conduct show you are wise.

M. All work is honorable, and should never be proud to do honorable work. Protect your honor matter where you may be or what may be doing.

Miss M. You doubt yourself, hence cannot trust others. You must have confidence in some body. Never come to a conclusion until you are thoroughly convinced. Do not suspect a friend without cause.

A. Take life as you find it. It is not up to you to make it any way. There are people who believe that goodness is in passive praying. Many hypocrites with no meaning or sincerity.

Be thoroughly convinced that you have selected the proper person for you give the final yes. It is a time companionship. Divorces are numerous. Do not marry for the name. Your condition is to be improved by your companion the proper person.

E. You are going away for the summer. You want to know what is the best. It is better for you to go to a quiet country place and rest up. You cannot afford to participate in the pleasures of life if you expect to resume your work in the fall. Your health is not permit you. Take a good rest.

CHANGED INTO MUTTON.

Strange Adventures of a Man Who Starts Out to Lose the Body of a Cat He Had Killed.

Sneaking by the friends he met in the streets, with a guilty feeling that they might guess the package he carried contained a dead tomcat, a certain East Orange (N. J.) man was amazed when he reached his home to find that the cat wasn't a cat at all, but a fine leg of mutton. This man had heard about cat being served under other names in 35-cent table d'hôte restaurants in New York city, but the reversal of that dinner custom puzzled him for a time.

He is in business in New York and is a pigeon fancier. Recently a vagrant cat had been killing his pigeons, so he lay in ambush with a gun and shot one of the four-footed bird fanciers. He started to bury the dead cat in his back yard; then thought prying neighbors might think he was hiding a murder.

"I know what I'll do. I'll wrap the corpse in paper and throw it off the



IT WAS A LEG OF MUTTON.

ferry boat when I cross in the morning," said he. The neat bundle was in his hand when he boarded the train in the morning. But on the boat he was surrounded by friends, and he reflected he might have to make an embarrassing explanation if he threw the bundle overboard. "An ash barrel in New York will do," he thought. But, on reaching Manhattan, he found it hard to carry out his plan.

"I'll throw it overboard on the way home," said he. But on that trip he met more acquaintances, and as a result the cat still was with him when he boarded the train. He laid the package down beside him and tried to become absorbed in his paper, but the cat haunted him. When he reached his station he picked up the package and went home.

"Here," said he to the cook, "bury this in the back yard." She went out, but came back in a few minutes, looking surprised. "Why d'ye want to bury that, sir?" she asked, and she held out just as nice a leg of mutton as ever graced a table. He stared; then guessed the truth.

"I hope the other fellow who took that cat home doesn't learn who I am," said he, and he told the cook they'd have mutton for dinner. But what the other family ate is a painful question.

STOLE TO BURY BABY.

"I Can't Lock Him Up," Said the Police Captain After Hearing the Prisoner's Story.

It is reported from Kansas City that Charles Gartman was arrested in the act of robbing a public telephone box of \$5.

"What are you crying about, you big baby?" asked a policeman, when he saw tears in the eyes of the prisoner as he was being searched at the Central station.

"There is a dead baby out at my house," the man answered, in a voice broken by sobs, "and my wife is sick. I didn't have a cent to bury the child."

There was a hush, and then Police-man McGinnis was sent to Gartman's



"WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR?"

home to investigate. The man had told the truth. The wife was very ill and the dead child lay on the bed by her side. When the policeman reported the captain ordered Gartman released.

"I simply couldn't hold that man," said the captain. "It would be too heartless. It's our duty to lock him up, I know, but I can't do it. If the telephone company wants to prosecute him they will have to swear out a warrant."

Comfortable the Year Around.

The winter temperature of the New York subway is 40 degrees when the thermometer above it shows zero and in the hottest weather of summer the temperature of the subway is about 65 degrees.

DOOLEY AT THE BAT.

Ape Wins Ball Game for the Jersey City Invincibles.

Only Two Years Old, But a Wonder on the Diamond—Thirty Feet, However, Is His Effective Limitation as a Twirler.

Some day you will read in the baseball reports about the wonderful pitching of the Invincibles' southpaw twirler, Mister Dooley, of Jersey City. That is why the history of this future great player is published by the New York World.

Mister Dooley is a large gray ape, two years old. A sea captain brought him up from Brazil recently and presented him to John J. Fischer, who lives at Sanford place and Montrose avenue. Within 24 hours the ape had shown as much intelligence and, withal, was so diplomatic and democratic that the dignified title of Mister Dooley was conferred on him.

To the boys of the neighborhood Mister Dooley at once became a guide, philosopher and friend.

The ape was perched on a tree-box one day, watching for stray cats, so that he might properly discipline them by pulling their tails, when the battery of the Invincible B. C. began a little warming up work in Sanford place.

The swift flight of the ball to and fro, its sharp thud as it landed in the catcher's glove, so interested Mister Dooley that he forgot all about the cats.

A wild pitch flew past Harry Fischer and rolled near the tree-box. In an instant Dooley was down on it like a star fielder. He picked up the ball, patted it, sniffed it, nibbled at it with his big strong teeth. Good to eat? No. Then it must be a toy. Very well. Dooley drew back his left arm as he had seen the pitcher do, and hurled the ball with all his might at Harry Fischer.

The ball flew straight as a bullet. Dooley fell down on all fours because of the impetus of his throw, but when he saw Harry catch it with a sharp thud of the glove the ape pranced and chattered with glee.

After practicing with Mister Dooley for a week the Invincibles played with him in their next match with the



DOOLEY PITCHES A BALL.

Young Orioles. When the ape entered the box to pitch the Orioles laughed so long and loud that they nearly broke up the game. Would they let him stand within 30 feet of the plate? Sure, they would in a minute—and say, if they didn't bat that monkey out of the lot, well, they'd eat him alive!

The Orioles' best batsman, Tommy Koster, came up first. He selected a thick club, of marvelous resiliency and a well known record as a lucky stick and tapped home-plate.

Mister Dooley was not rattled by the scornful wink Tommy shot at him. Without any flourishes or preliminary dancing he drew back his lean left arm and let go a high ball. Tommy whanged at it with a grin.

"Stre-eek one!" yelled Umpire McGann.

Which, alas! was too true, for the high and easy looking ball had taken a tremendous drop just before it reached plate and fell into the catcher's glove. Again Tommy faced Mister Dooley, but this time without wink or grin. Sad to relate, he fanned empty air again. His face became a tragic mask as he made his third effort. The poor boy struck out. And so did the two Young Orioles who followed him.

Nevertheless, when Mister Dooley came to bat on his side the Young Orioles began to laugh again. For his bat was nothing but the butt end of a broomstick whittled down to fit his size.

The pitcher let loose an outshoot. Mister Dooley, left-handed, swung far out and smashed at it. The impact knocked him down, but the ball flew toward first base. Dooley galloped down the line, but the baseman had picked up the ball and was ready to touch him out. Before he could thaw out Dooley had leaped over his head and established himself on first base. And there he perched uttering the apish satisfaction call of "Unh! Unh! Unh!" until he saw a chance to steal second. A three-bagger by the captain of the Invincibles brought Dooley home.

Why go into the sad details of the overthrow of the Young Orioles? The final score was 34 to nothing, chiefly due to Mister Dooley's accurate, heady play.

Some Facts About Baldness. Baldness is ten times as common among men as among women. It has also been noted that a man's hair turns gray five years sooner than a woman's.

HOG GOES ON SPREE.

When Fermented Apple Mash Gave Out Beast Looked for More.

That Is How the Bibulous Forker Led Way to Moonshine Still—Master Swore Off, But Pete Is Beyond Redemption.

From McKeever, N. Y., a correspondent writes to the New York World that "Bibulous Bill's" bibulous hog, Pete, which disappeared two weeks ago, has been found under circumstances that may result in an investigation. The authorities at the Corners are talking about it, but they don't know where to begin.

Bill got his nickname "Bibulous" some years ago, when he and the cup that cheers were inseparable companions. He rather glories in it now that he has sworn off. For more than a twelvemonth he has touched nothing stronger than water. In the good old days, when he was in "tippling trim," Bill declares, "that he could outblubber anything in the country." It was two years ago last fall that Bill annexed Pete. The porker was a mite of a pig then, and became very companionable. He learned to follow Bill about like a dog, and even went squirrel hunting with him, and rooted for acorns while his master was "laying for grays."

A year ago last fall Bill got a job in a cider mill down at the Corners, and reported for work along with Pete. The former figured that the latter would wax fat on apple mashings. He did.

In time some of the mashings fermented and Pete got drunk. Bill lectured him, but it did no good, and at the end of the week Pete was a confirmed sot. One night while the pair were stumbling home much the worse for wear Bill saw a ghost, and the next morning swore off.

Pete hadn't seen anything uncanny, so he kept up his spree until the mill closed down for the season. By this time he was a fit subject for a whisky cure. His nerves gave out, and he searched the woods, farm buildings and even cellars for more stimulants. Bill thought of his own experiences and chuckled. He knew Pete would come out all right in the end and was delighted to have his pal sober once more.

Things went along nicely until a fortnight ago, when Bill awoke one morning



BILL LECTURED HIM.

to find that Pete had taken his departure in the night. He thought it odd that his pet should desert warmth and a good breakfast in such cold weather, and figured that he would soon return. But at supper time he had not showed up, and Bill looked for tracks. The snow was crusted and he couldn't find any, so he waited.

He would probably still be waiting had not Joe Walsh, who lives three miles back in the woods, come across strange tracks in a fresh fall of snow early in the week. The footprints looked like those of a pig, but they progressed in most erratic lines. Out of curiosity he followed them and eventually came to an old abandoned barn about a mile and a half from Bill's shack. The roof of the barn had tumbled in, but a beaten path made by the animal he was following led underneath the ruins to an old cellar. Walsh had frequently been by the barn, but had never noticed the cellar. He stuck his head down the hole and looked. As soon as his eyes accustomed themselves to the semidarkness he made out the well-known form of Pete lying in some straw in one corner. He had lost considerable flesh since the farmer saw him two months ago at Bill's, and looked decidedly rakish.

Close beside him were three vats. Pete looked up, recognized the friend of his master and gave a welcoming, but hiccuppy grunt. Walsh descended and kicked the hog by way of greeting.

This brought more hiccoughs and an unsuccessful effort on the part of Pete to stand up.

"Drunk again," snorted Walsh, looking about for the spirits.

He found them in the vats, which contained whisky diluted with rainwater that had leaked from overhead. It certainly was whisky, and Walsh instantly came to the conclusion that he had stumbled on an illicit still operated in that section several years ago by two men who are now serving time at Dannemora. Pete was in no condition to drive home, so Walsh notified Bill, and he went after the hog with his mare and a wood sled. Then the proper authorities were informed. They are talking investigation, but as the men supposed to own the still are in jail they don't know just what to do. Pete is chained up.

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MEN IN PUBLIC LIFE.

The French ambassador and Mme. Jusseland will go to New Orleans soon, when there is to be a celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the transfer of Louisiana from France to the United States.

It has been remarked that few men who come to congress from the Pacific coast are natives of that region. One of the few is John Newton Williamson, of Oregon, whose wife was also born in the thirty-third state of the union.

Very few are aware that William H. Taft, prospective secretary of war and now governor of the Philippines, got his start in life through performing the dangerous feat of whipping an editor. His father, after a distinguished public career, had just formed a law partnership in Cincinnati, when a weekly paper attacked his private life in a scandalous way. The young man, fresh from Yale, at once called at the newspaper office and in a few minutes had polished off his man in fine style.

Sir Mortimer Durand, the new British minister to this country, seems to be somewhat democratically inclined. In New York on Thanksgiving day, he went to a popular "dissenting" church with an American friend, instead of going to Sir Percy Sanderson's stately pew in Trinity. He walked to church across Central park and later joined his friend in a walk to Gen. Grant's tomb. Sir Mortimer impresses one as being a whole-hearted fellow, in many ways resembling Sir Thomas Lipton.

TAG ENDS OF THINGS.

Camels and elephants are unable to jump.

Three hundred and eighty-two yards, by Travis, is the longest golf drive.

In a year nearly 100,000 persons traverse the 47 miles of railway across the Isthmus.

The motorman who drives the Berlin Zossen electrical train at 140 miles an hour is C. A. Mudge, of Williamsport, Pa.

The Korean government has ordered that all Koreans, without regard to rank or class, should not wear clothes except of a blue or dark color.

The report of the auditor of the state of Iowa shows that there are 1,200 telephone companies in the state, as compared with 700 last year.

Prof. Edward Zella, who has just brought out the last volume of his history of Greek philosophy, is conspicuous even among long lived German scholars, being 89 years of age.

The letters of Mrs. Stevenson, the mother of the novelist, have lately been published in London, and have been highly praised. They seem to confirm the view which has often been expressed that Stevenson inherited much of his literary talent from his mother.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, the veteran author, while on a visit to France, stopped one day on a country road to admire the surrounding country. As he stood gazing meditatively over the fields he noticed that several peasants who passed him on the road bowed and took off their hats to him. Mr. Stedman was at first surprised at their salutes in his honor, and wondered for whom these polite peasants mistook him, but as they were repeated by peasant after peasant he finally concluded that his reputation had penetrated farther than he had ventured to suppose. As he moved away from the spot he happened to glance behind him. He had been standing in front of a statue of the virgin.



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Mamma—Yes; I believe so.

Johnny—I wonder why they don't

give them castor oil?—Puck.

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WOMEN FIGHT A BEAR.

Violent Animal Is Killed After Hand-to-Hand Encounter Lasting Several Minutes.

Three Christine (Cal.) women, Mrs. E. H. Irish, and Misses Willie Moore and Minnie Boyd, had a hard fight with a bear the other afternoon, and came out proudly victorious.

The bear, the largest of his kind probably ever killed in Mendocino county, had been making inroads on the flocks in the vicinity of Christine, and a trap had been set for him. The ladies in question were out for a stroll, Mrs. Irish being armed with a 32-caliber Winchester. They found the animal had been trapped. In his rage he had eaten through a side of the trap, and his head and shoulders were free of the cage. Fearing that he would escape, Mrs. Irish took aim and fired. The charge only infuriated the beast, however, and matters began to look serious for the ladies. There were no men near at hand, so it fell upon them to protect themselves. One of the ladies blocked



MRS. IRISH TOOK AIM.

the side of the trap that the bear had torn down. Two of them engaged the attention of Bruin at the strong side of the cage, while Mrs. Irish fired the fifth bullet. This lodged in the animal's heart. Mrs. Irish retains the skin as a memento.

PRIDE TOOK TUMBLE.

Why Mr. Burner Looks Blue and Dejected These Days.

His Record as the Boastful Domestic Fireman Wrecked in a Single Night by a Bit of Inexcusable Carelessness.

This story is told by the Indianapolis Sentinel of an Irvington suburbanite, Burner by name, who prides himself a great deal on his systematic and scientific methods of caring for his furnace. He is a model of method and precision from the early fall, when he lays in a supply of coke sufficient to last all winter, until late in the spring when he lets the fire flicker out. All of his friends and neighbors look upon him as an authority on firing, and all his neighbors' wives use him as an exemplar for their own less careful husbands. The secret of his success, as he often says, is common sense and attention to detail. It is only a matter of supplying fuel, regulating drafts and removing the ashes. Sitting in his cozy parlor, the coldest night of this week, he expounded his theories on heating to three young women, cousins of his wife, who had come to visit them. In contemplation of the shortcomings of some men who tried to run furnaces he really waxed eloquent over his own record, and his heart swelled with pride, which was shared by his wife, when he said that there had not been a day or a night this winter when the house was not comfortable. The young ladies were visibly impressed.

At the usual hour he went to the basement, fired up and adjusted things for the night, and a couple of hours later they retired. The house certainly was warm, and the young folks were heard comparing notes across the hallway on the delightfulness of it. Burner smiled even in his sleep with the joy of their appreciation.

But about four in the morning, when the world seems coldest, darkest and



LOOKED AT THE REGISTER.

dreadful, Burner awoke with a start. He thought he heard a feminine voice inquire if some one was warm, and then heard the patter of bare feet in the hall. He stretched himself with a shiver that shook the bed. "Gee whiz," he muttered, "I must have forgotten to open my register." With a mighty effort of will and not much else he jumped from his bed and groped along the wall until his hand came in contact with a piece of cold iron. It was the register. It was open, but the genial warmth which should have been pouring out was a stream of air at a zero temperature. Burner had turned blue by that time, but he was game. He lighted a lamp and looked at the register. He hardly knew what he expected to discover, but he felt that an investigation was demanded. The register looked just as usual, but it was only delivering cold air. Burner went into bed and considered, but his discomfort was a condition to be met, and not a theory. He got out and began to hustle into his clothes. "What are you doing, John?" called a sleepy voice. "Going to the fire," he responded. "Where is it?" "Out."

As Burner started the fire afresh he found that he had neglected to close the draft, and the career of the night's supply of fuel had been brief but glorious. The young ladies are still there and need only speak of sleeping three in a bed to cast Burner into the "slough of despond."

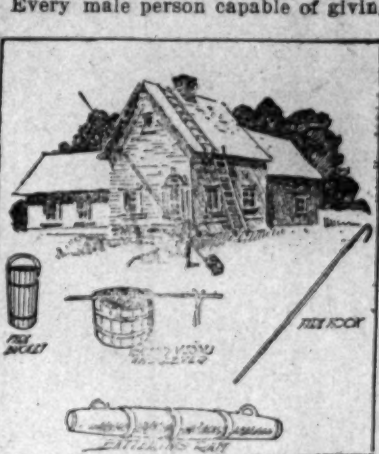
Oyster Farming Down East.
There are about a hundred and sixty thousand acres of ground under the waters of Long Island sound, within the jurisdiction of the state of Connecticut, available for oyster farming. This form of "agriculture" is said to average much more profit than farming on dry land. The oyster lands are worth from one dollar to three thousand dollars an acre and in some years the profit is great. The lands are assigned and bought at a dollar an acre, and after that they are taxed yearly at the valuation set on them by the state shell fish commission, which varies according to the amount of work expended upon them and the success of cultivating them. The industry has become an important one and some persons have confidently asserted that the best oysters grown are those raised in this way in Connecticut waters.

The Bee's Market Basket.
A natural market basket is carried by every bee. A microscope will enable an observer to discover that on the hind legs of the creature there is a fringe of stiff hairs on the surface, the hairs approaching each other at the tip, so as to form a sort of cage. This is the bee's basket, and into it, after a successful journey, it will cram enough pollen to last it for two or three days.

FIRE ORDINANCES OF 1815.

Those in Force Nearly a Century Ago Were Quite Stringent and Covered Many Points.

Fire ordinances are by no means modern or even complicated, at least in proportion to the new inventions and causes, electric lights and other elaborate and inflammable fixtures, and to the various inventions and methods of prevention. Nearly a hundred years ago there were ordinances as numerous and as long for the prevention and extinction of fires. In 1815 Detroit had an elaborate fire ordinance. It ordered every household to provide a pair of water buckets and a wooden vessel holding 20 or 25 gallons, "with two loops strongly attached thereto," which were always to be kept full of water in a place where it could not be frozen and to have a level or pole of sufficient weight and strength to sustain said vessel. To each chimney of his house he must attach a substantial ladder, to be fastened to the roof, and another ladder long enough to communicate with the first. Every male person capable of giving



ANCIENT FIRE APPARATUS. (In Use in the City of Detroit Almost 100 Years Ago.)

assistance must, on the alarm of fire, repair to the scene, carrying one or more of such vessels, and obey the orders of one of the trustees. Twelve householders appointed by the board of trustees were to provide themselves each with "a good felling ax" and repair to the place of the fire. Six others were to be provided by the corporation with three battering rams, to be used at fires. There were also 24 to be provided with "fire-hooks." Every shopkeeper must provide himself with two three-bushel bags with which to beat out the fire.

For neglecting to provide these various implements a fine of five dollars was imposed; for neglect of duty at fires, a fine of ten dollars.

The present habit of disregarding fire ordinances would seem to be an inherited one. But at least this cannot be said of the failure to enforce the ordinances. The record shows that at least once a week there was some complaint of noncompliance. An entire session, July 2, 1821, was taken up with the business. Nearly 40 delinquents were fined from 75 cents to \$1.25 for being "deficient" one or more ladders, having ladders in bad condition, lack of bags or buckets, or for not having their names on them. All would seem to have gone to the fires, for no fines are recorded.

TOGO IS A CRUEL FIGHTER.

Japanese Admiral in Charge of Port Arthur Fleet Always Shoots to Kill.

Vice Admiral Togo is one of the popular heroes in Japan. He is called the "fighting admiral," a title which he won during the war with China. He was at that time in command of the second class cruiser Naniwa, which struck the first blow at the enemy. During the war, this ship and her commander, who was then only a captain, saw more service than any others in the navy. Togo is by no means a humane man.



VICE ADMIRAL TOGO. (Japanese Commander, Who Won the Battle at Port Arthur.)

He is a fighter, and an arbitrary one at that, and what he says he means.

When the British ship Kowshing, loaded by the Chinese with soldiers and stores, was caught near the Korean coast and refused to obey Togo's orders to follow him, he warned all Europeans to leave the ship and then promptly torpedoed her and blew her up, not even helping the Chinese who were struggling for their lives in the water.

Snake Torpid in a Tree.
Charles McGuire and John Crouch, of Zionsville, Ind., felled a large tree which stood on a farm owned by James Brendel. When the tree had fallen to the ground a large hole, which appeared to be a squirrel hole, which appeared in the forks of the tree, about 30 feet from the butt. In this hole a torpid blue snake five feet long was found. Mr. Snake had crawled into this hole, just fall to lie in wait for squirrels, and had unexpectedly been caught by the cold weather.

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"LIKE MAN, LIKE HORSE."

Characteristics of the Owner Often Shown in the Animal—Don't Blame the Animal.

I've always had a notion that the horse is like the man; in other words, that the horse is often what his owner makes him. Recently I came across the following bit of wisdom in a farm paper, and as the writer's ideas are exactly my own I cannot refrain from quoting his thoughts to-day:

"The excitable horseman," he says, "will have horses just like he is himself. The man without horse sense will have horses with the same poor sense. The man who is loud when driving will have a boisterous horse, and no one ought to blame the horse. The man who stops his team with a drawing 'w-h-o-a' will have a team that will stop in the same manner—that is, they will take two or three steps after they are told to stop."

I might quote more, but enough is enough. You get the idea. What's more, you all know living examples of the kind of horsemen referred to. You—of course—aren't built that way; but the "other fellow" often is. Too often. And usually he blames the horse for his own shortcomings. Once in awhile, probably, he licks old Dobbin or Jim for some fault that in reality is his own. It isn't fair! Train or drive or use a horse properly and also out of ten times that horse behaves himself and does all that is expected of an animal.

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